The Centre Reporter.

VOL. LXII. CENTRE HALL, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1889. NO. 44

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED KURTZ, -- EDITOR

They have been kicked out.

No more printing steals for the Gazette thro the commissioners office.

President Harrison has just issued his proclamation appointing Thursday, November 28, a day of thanksgiving and prayer.

Anna Conda is the worst girl one can fall in love with—she will squeeze you to death and then show her liking for a fellow by swallowing him.

A few disgruntled Democrats are known to have played false. We often wonder why there are any to trust such when so often treacherous.

Will Gray will remember that we told him correctly, on Friday previous to the election, in front of the Bellefonte post office, what the result in this county would be.

Fiedler and his right hand men, over here as well as over there, now have something they can smoke in their pipes as long as they live. They can't bust the REPORTER nohow.

Read the issues of the REPORTER for the past four weeks, and see how true its predictions came. The REPORTER is always right, and there is virtue left in the people of our county. We battled hard against foes within and without and right has triumphed.

The REPORTER was right—we said all along that the Henderson-Fiedler-Cook gang of county plunderers would be defeated by the honest Democrats and Republicans of the county by from 700 to 800 majority. The REPORTER made a quiet canvass of its own of the entire county, and from it knew what the result would be.

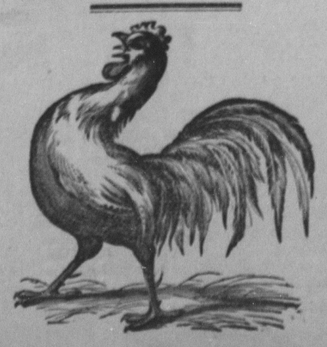
The trouble about the Montana election was merely a case of boomerang. The Republicans thought that all the men in what is known as the Tunnel District, in Silver Bow, would be induced to vote for them if they registered them. The first part of the plan was carried out, but the new voters went solidly for the Democratic ticket; and for that the Republicans undertook to throw out Silver Bow and capture the Legislature. But it wouldn't do.

J. C. Dale, of this place, on Monday went to Bellefonte, to get back $12 fees overcharged by Sheriff Cook.

George Bushman, of this town, was charged $22 poundage illegally, by Sheriff Cook, and will demand that it be refunded.

Dozens of others, the record at Bellefonte shows, have been charged illegal fees by Sheriff Cook, and these should unite and prosecute him, for the robbery in cases where the legal fees are already burdensome enough for persons in financial straits.

One of the queer things of the day is the appearance of Robert G. Ingersoll as an attorney for the Pope in a case now being tried in New York City. The King of the Belgians is the other party to the suit, though both the distinguished litigants are represented in court by untitled individuals, named Bernard and Bowe respectively. The former took $600,000 of Vatican treasure from Belgium, the King of Belgium regained possession of it through Mr. Bowe, who was then Sheriff, and now the Pope wants it back.



THE COUNTY

DEMOARACY SWEEPS A WIDE SWATH!

REVENGE OF AN OUTRAGED PEOPLE!

Honest Men Sustained by 900 to 1300 Majority. The People will not Sustain Any Party That Does Not Nominate Honest Men.

The victory in Centre county of Honesty over Rascality, is complete. There were a few names on the Republican ticket that may have been as good as they could be in the party, but unfortunately about them hung the odium of Sheriff Cook's illegal fees, Henderson and Decker's bad management, and Fiedler's toddy slobber, and that was enough to weigh down angels even.

Against this was pitted the eminent fitness of Lew Schaeffer, Calvin Meyer, Riley, Johnston, and Neff—all men of excellent name and fitness backed by the Democracy and such Republicans as look only for the public good.

Never was a rebuke more timely and deserved.

Things went with a high hand in the commissioners' and sheriff's offices, and the people found they must cry a halt upon the infamy of scoundrelism and corruption practiced.

And we have the Halt! thank God, in the following majorities:

Schaeffer	1183
Meyer	1188
Riley	1158

Well done, honest people of Centre county.

We promise you these men will not rob and plunder you, but, like in the past, will be true to their trusts.

County Official.

STATE TREASURER.

Bigler	4241
Boyer	3260
Majority	981

ASSOCIATE JUDGE.

Riley	4100
Musser	2942
Majority	1158

PROTHONOTARY.

Schaeffer	4327
Fleming	3144
Majority	1183

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

Meyer	4329
Gray	3141
Majority	1188

SURVEYOR.

Johnson	4196
Cleaver	3225
Majority	971

CORONER.

Neff	4179
Woods	3337
Majority	842

The Prohibition ticket received the following vote.

State Treasurer, 325. Judge—Fisher, 902. Prothonotary, 259. District Attorney, Harshberger, 307.

Musser for Associate Judge, had the smallest vote. Meyer and Schaeffer the highest—Meyer two more than Schaeffer.

The Elections.

Mahone is snowed under in Virginia by an immense majority, and the colored brethren helped to do it. New York state is Democratic by from 15,000 to 25,000 majority. Ohio is close with steady gains for Campbell [Democrat] which may give him the state. New Jersey is Democratic by from 7,000 to 12,000. Pennsylvania is joined to her idols. Boyer's majority will probably reach 40,000 owing to the failure of the Philadelphia Democrats to support Mr. Bigler.

The Democrats made large gains in all parts of our state.

Massachusetts is so close on governor, that the Democrats expect to carry it next year.

Maryland went Democratic by 30,000 to 40,000.

Ohio is close. Hamilton county alone shows a Democratic gain of 11,000. which leaves only 12,000 to be overcome in the rest of the state and Foraker would be knocked out.

Iowa is claimed by the Republicans by 6,000 majority.

Official Vote in Centre County, Nov. 5, 1889.

BOROUGHS AND TOWNSHIPS.	State Treasurer.		Asso. Judge.		Pro-thonotary.		Dist. Attorney.	
	Bigler D.	Boyer R.	Riley D.	Musser R.	Schaeffer D.	Fleming R.	Meyer D.	Gray R.
Bellefonte, North ward	130	2 9	130	109	147	205	157	177
Bellefonte, South ward	190	117	184	102	203	112	209	97
Bellefonte, West ward	61	79	63	58	71	74	70	72
Centre Hall borough	74	21	72	16	72	23	73	22
Howard borough	40	83	46	76	47	77	42	80
Milesburg borough	33	83	33	75	44	77	40	70
Millheim borough	103	36	100	35	105	37	103	36
Unionville borough	25	47	16	42	26	45	24	4
Philipsburg boro. First ward	61	90	54	78	59	90	59	92
Philipsburg boro. Second ward	99	76	100	72	100	72	112	67
Philipsburg boro. Third ward	65	81	51	68	60	88	67	81
Benner township	136	78	136	61	129	75	142	71
Boggs township, N. P.	88	99	90	87	97	98	99	95
Boggs township, W. P.	23	42	21	41	24	43	22	43
Boggs township, E. P.	60	59	55	61	59	61	55	64
Burdside township	26	47	26	42	24	44	26	46
College twp. W. P.	40	4	37	39	40	51	42	51
College twp. E. P.	92	121	79	102	84	132	88	126
Curtin township	45	37	45	36	46	36	44	38
Ferguson township, E. P.	156	66	137	38	165	59	157	65
Ferguson township, W. P.	53	73	53	44	53	76	51	78
Gregg township, N. P.	87	3	86	3	87	3	86	3
Gregg township, S. P.	279	71	272	67	278	61	290	59
Half Moon township	54	80	54	73	39	78	29	88
Haines township, E. P.	96	29	96	23	98	28	102	26
Haines township, W. P.	110	77	116	61	111	73	125	58
Harris township	122	66	121	58	116	70	121	65
Howard township	82	91	82	87	88	88	94	81
Huston township	46	62	45	72	44	70	44	79
Liberty township	156	111	149	108	152	102	151	111
Marion township	98	38	92	33	76	59	99	38
Miles township	260	53	253	54	257	59	259	57
Patton township	67	105	63	100	70	102	60	111
Penn township	177	27	176	28	174	28	175	28
Potter township N. P.	101	29	99	29	102	28	102	29
Potter township S. P.	171	54	165	52	170	55	172	52
Rush township, N. P.	122	80	107	62	118	87	124	82
Rush township, S. P.	48	13	45	17	50	13	46	17
Snow Shoe twp. E. P.	105	98	101	82	105	100	105	99
Snow Shoe twp. N. P.								
Snow Shoe twp. W. P.	76	65	76	52	81	62	80	57
Spring township, E. P.	69	73	62	67	60	79	64	74
Spring township, N. P.	129	90	135	68	132	93	124	98
Spring township, S. P.	29	43	32	41	32	37	30	44
Taylor township	70	98	59	89	67	99	66	100
Union township	173	97	170	86	184	85	171	96
Walker township,	53	66	50	47	54	65	52	55
Worth township								
Total vote	4241	3260	4100	2942	4327	3144	4325	3325
Majorities	981		1158		1183		1178	

Prohibition ticket: Johnston, for State Treasurer, 325; Fisher, associate judge, 902; Ganoe, for prothonotary, 259; Harshberger, 307; Dale, surveyor, 310; Biglow, 323.

For coroner: Neff, D., 4179; Woods, R., 3,331; majority for Neff, 848.

For county surveyor: Johnston, D., 4,196; Cleaver, R., 3,335: majority for Johnston, 871.

OHIO DEMOCRATIC.

Foraker Defeated. A democratic Legislature Too.

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 6.

At 1 o'clock this afternoon Governor Foraker sent the following telegram to his opponent in the Gubernatorial contest:

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 6.

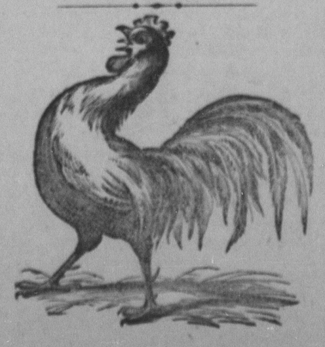
"*Hon. James E. Campbell, Hamilton, O.:*

"To the full extent that a defeated candidate can do so with propriety, allow me to offer my congratulations and assure you it will give me pleasure to extend you every courtesy I can show you in connection with your inaugnration and the commencement of your administration. "J. B. FORAKER."

The Republican State Committee at 1 p. m. conceded the election of Campbell and admit that the Legislature is Democratic in both branches.

Iowa Too!

Latest news from Iowa says the entire Democratic state ticket is elected—the governor by 10,000 plurality.



When Samuel Gramly, Republican, was commissioner he didn't plunder and disgrace the county by his actions.

When Andy Gregg, Republican, was commissioner he received credit for good management.

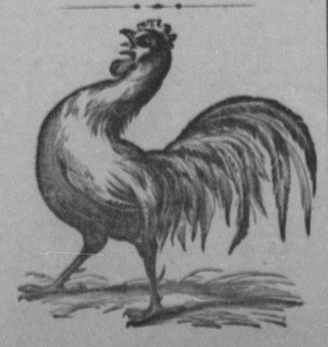
When H. C. Campbell, Republican, was commissioner, he went out with a good record.

But this set, whew!

A Dale, a McFarlane, a Boal, and a score of other good republicans we could mention, would have been good men in the places now disgraced by Henderson and Decker.

The Lesson.

The lesson of last Tuesday, in this county, means, that no party will long remain in power, Democratic or Republican, unless it puts honest men forward, and that cliques, rings, doubledealers, corruptionists and the like, will not be tolerated. The REPORTER has stood as one of the faithful sentinels upon the watch tower against all such, and will always raise its warning voice in the hour of danger.



What the Gang Will Do.

The gang that was ignominiously snowed under, in this county, on Tuesday, by the honest taxpayers, have already cut out their new occupations.

Lawrence Brown goes to Roopsburg to start up the Haas distillery. He will manufacture rot-gut by soaking Fiedler in a hogshead of rain water every two weeks, which will yield him two hogsheads per month. The Fiedler ingredient is so thoroughly saturated with the stuff that a yield of two hogsheads per month of the tangle foot, can be safely counted on for the next two years. Brown thinks he has a bonanza. Sundays Chairman Brown will address temperance documents to Democratic voters.

Henderson will go to Snowshoe to further raise the valuation of mules and start a real estate agency for the raising of farmers' lands so he can laugh when they pay higher taxes to help pay the debt, he, by his muleish conduct run the county into. No more sleeping in the court house.

Johnny Decker who quit farming to help Decker farm the commissioners' office, is likely to go back to real farming again.

Mike Musser will go to Tylersville or Hardscrabble to take lessons how to conduct a postoffice. His dead weight almost broke his friend Coburn's back, who meant well, but didn't know what all others saw at once that Mike was such a thunderin' load.

Sheriff Cook will likely be put to jail, if he is prosecuted for taking enormous sums in illegal fees, and will possibly get ready to stand trial for the girl scrape hanging over him. He should be prosecuted and deposed of the position he has disgraced, and be kept in jail another term.

Will Gray, a pretty fair kind of a fellow, having been duped by a tempting plum held out by the corrupt gang, was verdant enough to run as their candidate for District Attorney, will now proceed to make application at next term of court to have his name changed from Gray to *Green*, setting forth the reasons above stated for it.

Fleming has concluded not to keep the entries for suits in court, but will continue to book suits at the old stand and give you "fits" if you say election to him.

Fiedler, as above given, has allowed his carcass to go as an ingredient to make rot-gut.

The following story is told regarding the trick by which President Harrison avoided the delicate matter of deciding whether North or South Dakota should be the older State:

On Saturday the President received from the State Department the two proclamations, deficient only to the extent of his signature. The question of priority at once came up, and it was found to be difficult to decide. It was a grave situation for the President to be in, and he evidently realized it, but he steered his way out without difficulty. The two documents, unlooked at, were laid face downward on the desk on a sheet of paper and then they were shuffled until even a three-card monte expert couldn' tell "other from which." When this stage of the game had been reached the proclamations were turned face upward, but protected from the gaze of the President by the sheet of paper upon which they had been laid. The sheet was slipped aside until the blank spaces for the President's signature were exposed. The autograph was appended and after the ink was dry the proclamations were turned over once more and again vigorously shuffled. The two Dakotas were admitted into the Union of States, and although one of them was ahead of the other just the length of time it took the President to write his name, history will never be able to record the leader.

A complete jury was secured in the Cronin case at Chicago, on Tuesday of last week. When this work had been finished, the State's Attorney asked for an adjournment for two days in order to give the prosecution time to make out a plan for the presentation of its case. The defence objected, and Judge McConnell compromised by adjourning the hearing until Thursday morning. The impaneling of a jury began on August 4th, and 1,091 jurors have been summoned, of whom 927 have been excused by counsel for cause. In addition to the 1,091 special veniremen summoned, there were also twenty four on the regular panel disposed of. One hundred and seventy-five peremptory challenges have been used, of which the defense used ninety-seven. At the time the jury was sworn in, Mr. Beggs, the defendant, had three peremptory challenges left and the State twenty-two. The case is now in progress, the first witness having been called on Saturday.

Fiedler and his rum will now flow more freely.

The Pan-American excursion visited the Northwest last week. At St. Paul and at every point of stopping the delegates were warmly welcomed. At Sioux City, Ia., they were received by Senator Allison who said that the delegates were now within the great corn-producing region. Here corn was king.

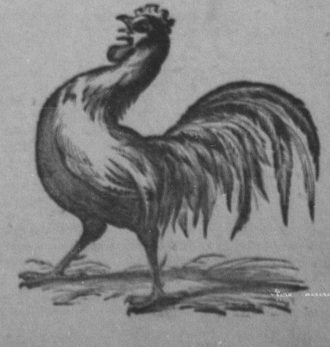
The people of the United States had watched with great interest the development of South and Central America. Each continent produced something not produced by the other. One trouble that we had had in the past was that to secure communication, we must cross and recross the ocean, but we were now ready to establish lines of direct communication. He also hoped that in the near future the two oceans might be united by a canal that would bring the peoples of America nearer. This would be in the near future. Out of the Congress should grow more cordial, social and commercial intimacy, and the people of Iowa would hail with pleasure any conclusion of the Congress tended in that direction. Altho in the heart of the continent, yet Iowa is on the Missouri River and therefore navigation is open to the Gulf of Mexico He hoped that the delegates would judge from the expressions of the people how glad they were to welcome them to Iowa.

An important decision was rendered by the supreme court at Pittsburg, on Monday, that whisky may be sold in a license county and delivered in a prohibision district. Joseph Fleming, a druggist of Pittsburg, was convicted of selling liquor in Mercer county, a prohibitory district, and sentenced to pay a fine of $500 and undergo an imprisonment for five months. A supercedeas was obtained and an appeal was taken. The goods were shipped from Pittsburg by an express company c. o. d., and Mr. Fleming's counsel claimed that the sale was made in Pittsburg and not in Mercer county. Here the whole point of the case was involved. Justice Green, in delivering the opinion, held that when the goods left Mr. Fleming's hands he had no more to do with them, and the sale was completed here. He discharged the prisoner. Judges Mitchell, Williams and McCollum filed a dissenting opinion claiming that the sales were a clear violation of the law; that the sale was paid for in the prohibitory district

Which of these sheols will Sheriff Cook go to for the wrong done poor men in exacting illegal fees? The Japanese language has no equivalent for our word "hell," but has the word "jigoku," instead. Jigoku consists of (1) eight immense hot hells, ranging one beneath the other in tiers. Each of these hells has 16 additional hells outside its gates, like so many ante-chambers, so that there are in all 136 hot hells, 2. There are eight large cold hells, each with its 16 ante hells, making the same number of cold that there are of the hot hells. Besides these 272 hot and cold hells for offenders of the common sort, the wily Japs have arranged for 20 mammoth hells of utter darkness, into which will be consigned the lost spirit of children who take the name of Dai Butsa, or Great Buddha, in vain. We ask again, which one will the sheriff be qualified for?

The Democratic papers of this county stood up nobly in favor of right and exposing wrong. Let them receive merited recognition for it, by support, from every honest taxpayer in the county.

Sheriff Cook should at once be prosecuted and deposed from office for taking illegal fees. The parties who have thus been fleeced owe this to themselves and the community. The Democratic county committee should see that this offender is brought to justice.



REV. DR. TALMAGE.

The Brooklyn Divine's Sunday Sermon.

Subject: "What Trouble is For."

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached to an overflowing congregation at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

Before preaching he said that a mistaken notion was abroad that the insurance on his destroyed church was enough to rebuild. The repetition of disasters left us in debt. We have practically built three churches since I came to Brooklyn. First, the original Tabernacle. Soon after that we made an enlargement that cost almost as much as a church. A few years after it all burned. Then we put up the building recently destroyed, and reared it in a time when the whole country was in its worst financial distress. It was these repeated disasters that left us in debt. My congregation have done magnificently, but any church would be in debt after so many calamities. Now for the first time we are out of debt. But we need at least one hundred thousand dollars to build a church large enough, and we call on people of all creeds and all lands to help. Before I help dedicate a new church we must have every dollar of it paid. I will never again be pastor of a church in debt. It has crippled us in all our movements, and I shall never again wear the shackles. I have for the last sixteen years preached to about 5000 people sitting and standing, twice a Sabbath, but everybody knows that we need a place that will hold 8000. I shall not be surprised if some man of wealth shall say: "Here are a $100,000 if you will put up a memorial structure, and call it after the name of my departed father or child whose memory I want put before all nations and for all time." And so it will be done.

TEXT: *"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."*—Rev. vii., 17.

Riding across a western prairie, wild flowers up to the hub of the carriage wheel, and while a long distance from any shelter, there came a sudden shower, and while the rain was falling in torrents, the sun was shining as brightly as I ever saw it shine; and I thought, what a beautiful spectacle this is! So the tears of the Bible are not midnight storm, but rain on pansied prairies in God's sweet and golden sunlight. You remember that bottle which David labeled as containing tears, and Mary's tears, and Paul's tears, and Christ's tears, and the harvest of joy that is to spring from the sowing of tears. God mixes them. God rounds them. God shows them where to fall. God exhales them. A census is taken of them, and there is a record as to the moment when they are born, and as to the place of their grave. Tears of bad men are not kept. Alexander, in his sorrow, had the hair clipped from his horses and mules, and made a great ado about his grief; but in all the vases of heaven there is not one of Alexander's tears. I speak of the tears of the good. Alas! me! they are falling all the runs. In summer, you sometimes hear the growling thunder, and you see there is a storm miles away; but you know from the drift of the clouds that it will not come anywhere near you. So, though it may be all bright around us, there is a shower of trouble somewhere all the time. Tears! Tears!

What is the use of them anyhow? Why not substitute laughter? Why not make this a world where all the people are well and eternal strangers to pain and aches? What is the use of an eastern storm when we might have a perpetual nor'wester? Why, when a family is put together, not have them all stay, or if they must be transplanted to make other homes, then have them all live? the family record telling a story of marriages and births, but of no deaths. Why not have the harvests chase each other without fatiguing toil? Why the hard pillow, the hard crust, the hard struggle? It is easy enough to explain a smile, or a success, or a congratulation: but, come now, and bring all your dictionaries and all your philosophies and all your religions, and help me explain a tear. A chemist will tell you that it is made up of salt and lime and other component parts; but he misses the chief ingredients—the acid of a soured life, the viperine sting of a bitter memory, the fragments of a broken heart. I will tell you what a tear is: it is agony in solution.

Hear me, then, while I discourse to you of the uses of trouble.

First—It is the design of trouble to keep this world from being too attractive. Something must be done to make us willing to quit this existence. If it were not for trouble this world would be a good enough heaven for me. You and I would be willing to take a lease of this life for a hundred million years if there were no trouble. The earth cushioned and upholstered and pillared and chandeliered with such expense, no story of other worlds could enchant us. We would say: "Let well enough alone. If you want to die and have your body disintegrated in the dust, and your soul go out on a celestial adventure, then you can go; but this world is good enough for me." You might as well go to a man who has just entered the Louvre at Paris, and tell him to hasten off to the picture galleries of Venice or Florence. "Why," he would say, "what is the use of my going there? There are Rembrandts and Rubens and Raphaels here that I haven't looked at yet."

No man wants to go out of this world, or out of any house, until he has a better house. To cure this wish to stay here, God must somehow create a disgust for our surroundings. How shall He do it? He cannot afford to deface His horizon, or to tear off a fiery panel from the sunset, or to subtract an ether from the water lily, or to banish the pungent aroma from the mignonette, or to drag the robes of the morning in the mire. You cannot expect a Christopher Wren to mar his own St. Paul's cathedral or a Michael Angelo to dash out his own "Last Judgment," or a Handel to discord his "Israel in Egypt," and you cannot expect God to spoil the architecture and music of His own world. How then are we to be made willing to leave? Here is where trouble comes in. After a man has had a good deal of trouble, he says: "Well, I am ready to go. If there is a house somewhere whose roof doesn't leak, I would like to live there. If there is an atmosphere somewhere that does not distress the lungs, I would like to breathe it. If there is a society somewhere where there is no tittle-tattle, I would like to live there. If there is a home circle somewhere where I can find my lost friends, I would like to go there." He used to read the first part of the Bible chiefly, now he reads the last part of the Bible chiefly. Why has he changed Genesis for Revelation? Ah! he used to be anxious chiefly to know how this world was made, and all about its geological construction. Now he is chiefly anxious to know how the next world was made, and how it looks, and who live there, and how they dress. He reads Revelation ten times now where he reads Genesis once. The old story, "In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth," does not thrill him half as much as the other story, "I saw a new heaven and a new earth." The old man's hand trembles as he turns over this apocalyptic leaf, and he has to take out his handkerchief to wipe his spectacles. That book of Revelations is a prospectus now of the country into which he is to soon immigrate; the country into which he has lots already laid out, and avenues opened, and trees planted and mansions built.

The thought of that blessed place comes over me mightily, and I declare that if this house were a great ship, and you all were passengers on board it, and one hand could launch that ship into the glories of heaven, I should be tempted to take the responsibility and launch you all into glory with one stroke, holding on to the side of the boat until I could get in myself. And yet there are people here to whom this world is brighter than heaven. Well, dear souls, I do not blame you. It is natural. But after a while you will be ready to go. It was not until Job had been worn out with bereavements and carbuncles and a pest of a wife that he wanted to see God. It was not until the prodigal got tired of living among the hogs that he wanted to go to his Father's house. It is the ministry of trouble to make this world worth less and heaven worth more.

Again, it is the use of trouble to make us feel our complete dependence upon God. King Alphonso said that if he had been present at the creation he could have made a better world than this. What a pity he was not present! I do not know what God will do when some men die. Men think they can do anything until God shows them they do nothing at all. We lay our great plans and we like to execute them. It looks big. God comes and takes us down. As Prometheus was assaulted by his enemy, when the lance struck him it opened a great swelling that had threatened his death, and he got well. So it is the arrow of trouble that lets our great swellings of pride. We never feel our dependence upon God until we get trouble. I was riding with my little child along the road, and she asked if she might drive. I said: "Certainly."

I handed over the reins to her, and I had to admire the glee with which she drove. But after a while we met a team and we had to turn out. The road was narrow, and it was sheer down on both sides. She handed the reins over to me, and said: "I think you had better take charge of the horse." So we are all children; and on this road of life we like to drive. It gives one such an appearance of superiority and power. It looks big. But after a while we meet some obstacle, and we have to turn out, and the road is narrow, and it is sheer down on both sides; and then we are willing that God should take the reins and drive. Ah! my friends, we get upset so often because we do not hand over the reins soon enough.

Can you not tell when you hear a man pray, whether he has ever had any trouble? I can. The cadence, the phraseology indicate it. Why do women pray better than men? Because they have had more trouble. Before a man has had any trouble, his prayers are poetic, and he begins away up among the sun, moon and stars, and gives the Lord a great deal of astronomical information that must be highly gratifying. He then comes on down gradually over beautifully tablelands to "forever and ever, amen." But after a man has had trouble, prayer is with him a taking hold of the arm of God and crying out for help. I have heard earnest prayers on two or three occasions that I remember.

Once, on the Cincinnati express train, going at forty miles the hour, and the train jumped the track, and we were near a chasm eighty feet deep; and the men who, a few minutes before, had been swearing and blaspheming God, began to pull and jerk at the bell rope, and got up on the backs of the seats and cried out: "O God, save us!" There was another time, about eight hundred miles out at sea, on a foundering steamer, after the last lifeboat had been split finer than kindling wood. They prayed then. Why is it you so often hear people, in reciting the last experience of some friend, say: "He made the most beautiful prayer I ever heard?" What makes it beautiful? It is the earnestness of it. Oh, I tell you a man is in earnest when his stripped and naked soul wades out in the soundless, shoreless, bottomless ocean of eternity.

It is trouble, my friends, that makes us feel our dependence upon God. We do not know our own weakness or God's strength until the last plank breaks. It is contemptible in us when there is nothing else to take hold of, that we catch hold of God only. A man is unfortunate in business. He has to raise a great deal of money, and raise it quickly. He borrows on word and note all he can borrow. After a while he puts a mortgage on his house. After a while he puts a second mortgage on his house. Then he puts a lien on his furniture. Then he makes over his life insurance. Then he assigns all his property. Then he goes to his father-in-law and asks for help!

Well, having failed everywhere, completely failed, he gets down on his knees and says: "O Lord, I have tried everybody and everything, now help me out of this financial trouble." He makes God the last resort instead of the first resort. There are men who have paid ten cents on a dollar who could have paid a hundred cents on a dollar if they had gone to God in time. Why, you do not know who the Lord is. He is not an autocrat seated far up in a palace, from which He emerges once a year, preceded by heralds swinging swords to clear the way! No. But a Father willing, at our call, to stand by us in every crisis and predicament of life.

I tell you what some of you business men make me think of. A young man goes off from home to earn his fortune. He goes with his mother's consent and benediction. She has large wealth; but he wants to make his own fortune. He goes far away, falls sick, gets out of money. He sends for the hotel keeper where he is staying, asking for lenience, and the answer he gets is: "If you don't pay up Saturday night you'll be removed to the hospital." The young man sends to a comrade in the same building. No help. He writes to a banker who was a friend of his deceased father. No relief. He writes to an old schoolmate, but gets no help. Saturday night comes and he is removed to the hospital.

Getting there, he is frenzied with grief; and he borrows a sheet of paper and a postage stamp, and he sits down, and he writes home, saying: "Dear mother, I am sick unto death. Come." It is ten minutes of 10 o'clock when she gets the letter. At 10 o'clock the train starts. She is five minutes from the depot. She gets there in time to have five minutes to spare. She wonders why a train that can go thirty miles an hour cannot go sixty miles an hour. She rushes into the hospital. She says: "My son, what does all this mean? Why didn't you send for me? You sent to everybody but me. You knew I could and would help you. Is this the reward I get for my kindness to you always?" She bundles him up, takes him home, and gets him well very soon.

Now, some of you treat God just as that young man treated his mother. When you get into a financial perplexity, you call on the banker, you call on the broker, you call on your creditors, you call on your lawyer for legal counsel; you call upon everybody, and when you cannot get any help, then you go to God. You say: "O Lord I come to Thee. Help me now out of my perplexity." And the Lord comes, though it is the eleventh hour. He says: "Why did you not send for Me before? As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." It is to throw us back upon an all comforting God that we have this ministry of tears.

Again, it is the use of trouble to capacitate us for the office of sympathy. The priests, under the old dispensation, were set apart by having water sprinkled on their hands, feet and head; and by the sprinkling of tears people are now set apart to the office of sympathy. When we are in prosperity we like to have a great many young people around us, and we laugh when they laugh, and we romp when they romp, and we sing when they sing; but when we have trouble we like plenty of old folks around. Why? They know how to talk. Take an aged mother, seventy years of age, and she is almost omnipotent in comfort. Why? She has been through it all. At 7 o'clock in the morning she goes over to comfort a young mother who has just lost her babe.

Grandmother knows all about that trouble. Fifty years ago she felt it. At 12 o'clock of that day she goes over to comfort a widowed soul. She knows all about that. She has been walking in that dark valley twenty years. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon some one knocks at the door wanting bread. She knows all about that. Two or three times in her life she came to her last loaf. At 10 o'clock that night she goes over to sit up with some one severely sick. She knows all about it. She knows all about fevers and pleurisies and broken bones. She has been doctoring all her life, spreading plasters, and pouring out bitter drops, and shaking up hot pillows, and contriving things to tempt a poor appetite. Doctors Abernethy and Rush and Hosack and Harvey were great doctors, but the greatest doctor the world ever saw is an old Christian woman. Dear me! Do we not remember her about the room when we were sick in our boyhood? Was there any one who could ever so touch a sore without hurting it?

And when she lifted her spectacles against her wrinkled forehead, so she could look closer at the wound, it was three-fourths healed. And when the Lord took her home although you may have been men and women thirty, forty, fifty years of age, you lay on the coffin lid and sobbed as though you were only five or ten years of age. O man, praise God if you have in your memory the picture of an honest, sympathetic, kind, self sacrificing, Christ-like mother. Oh, it takes these people who have had trouble to comfort others in trouble. Where did Paul get the ink with which to write his comforting epistle? Where did David get the ink to write his comforting Psalms? Where did John get the ink to write his comforting Revelation? They got it out of their own tears. When a man has gone through the curriculum, and has taken a course of dungeons and imprisonments and shipwrecks, he is qualified for the work of sympathy.

When I began to preach, my sermons on the subject of trouble were all poetic and in semi-blank verse; but God knocked the blank verse out of me long ago, and I have found out that I cannot comfort people except as I myself have been troubled. God make me the son of consolation to the people. I would rather be the means of soothing one perturbed spirit to-day, than to play a tune that would set all the sons of mirth reeling in the dance. I am a herb doctor. I put into the caldron the Root out of dry ground without form or comeliness. Then I put in the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley. Then I put into the caldron some of the leaves from the Tree of Life, and the Branch that was thrown into the wilderness Marah. Then I pour in the tears of Bethany and Golgotha; then I stir them up. Then I kindle under the caldron a fire made of the wood of the cross, and one drop of that potion will cure the worst sickness that ever afflicted a human soul. Mary and Martha shall receive their Lazarus from the tomb. The damsel shall rise. And on the darkness shall break the morning, and God will wipe all tears from their eyes.

You know on a well spread table the food becomes more delicate at the last. I have fed you to-day with the bread of consolation. Let the table now be cleared, and let us set on the chalice of Heaven. Let the King's cup bearers come in. Good morning, Heaven! "Oh," says some critic in the audience, "the Bible contradicts itself. It intimates again and again that there are to be no tears in heaven, and if there be no tears in heaven, how is it possible that God will wipe any away?" I answer, have you never seen a child crying one moment and laughing the next; and while she was laughing, you saw the tears still on her face! And perhaps you stopped her in the very midst of her resumed glee, and wiped off those delayed tears. So, I think, after the heavenly raptures have come upon us, there may be the mark of some earthly grief, and while those tears are glittering in the light of the jasper sea, God will wipe them away. How well He can do that.

Jesus had enough trial to make Him sympathetic with all trial. The shortest verse in the Bible tells the story: "Jesus wept." The scar on the back of either hand, the scar on the arch of either foot, the row of scars along the line of the hair, will keep all heaven thinking. Oh, that great weeper is just the one to silence all earthly trouble, wipe out all stains of earthly grief, Gentle! Why, His step is softer than the step of the dew. It will not be a tyrant bidding you to hush up your crying. It will be a Father who will take you on His left arm, His face gleaming into yours, while with the soft tips of the fingers of the right hand, He shall wipe away all tears from your eyes. I have noticed when the children get hurt, and their mother is away from home, they come to me for comfort and sympathy; but I have noticed that when the children get hurt and their mother is at home, they go right past me and to her; I am of no account.

So, when the soul comes up into heaven out of the wounds of this life, it will not stop to look for Paul, or Moses, or David or John. These did very well once, but now the soul shall rush past, crying: "Where is Jesus? Where is Jesus?" Dear Lord, what a magnificent thing to die if Thou shalt thus wipe away our tears. Methink it will take us some time to get used to heaven; the fruits of God without one speck; the fresh pastures without one nettle; the orchestra without one snapped string, the river of gladness without one torn bank; the solferinos and the saffron of sunrise and sunset swallowed up in the eternal day that beams from God's countenance!

Why should I wish to linger in the wild,
When Thou art waiting, Father, to receive Thy child?

If we could get any appreciation of what God has in reserve for us, it would make us so homesick we would be unfit for every day work. Professor Leonard, formerly of Iowa University, put in my hand a meteoric stone, a stone thrown off from some other world to this. How suggestive it was to me. And I have to tell you the best representations we have of heaven are only aerolites flung off from that world which rolls on, bearing the multitudes of the redeemed. We analyze these aerolites, and find them crystalizations of tears. No wonder, flung off from heaven, "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Have you any appreciation of the good and glorious times your friends are having in heaven? How different it is when they get news there of a Christian's death from what it is here. It is the difference between embarkation and coming into port. Everything depends upon which side of the river you stand when you hear of a Christian's death. If you stand on this side of the river you mourn that they go. If you stand on the other side of the river you rejoice that they come. Oh, the difference between a funeral on earth and a jubilee in heaven—between requiem here and triumphial march there—parting here and reunion there. Together! Have you thought of it? They are together. Not one of your departed friends in one land and another in another land; but together, in different rooms of the same house—the house of many mansions. Together!

I never appreciated that thought so much as when we laid away in her last slumber my sister Sarah. Standing there in the village cemetery, I looked around and said: "There is father, there is mother, there is grandfather, there is grandmother, there are whole circles of kindred;" and I thought to myself: "Together in the grave—together in glory." I am so impressed with the thought that I do not think it is any fanaticism when some one is going from this world to the next if you make them the bearer of dispatches to your friends who are gone, saying: "Give my love to my parents, give my love to my children, give my love to my old comrades who are in glory, and tell them I am trying to fight the good fight of faith, and I will join them after awhile."

I believe the message will be delivered; and I believe it will increase the gladness of those who are before the throne. Together are they, all their tears gone. No trouble getting good society for them. All Kings, Queens, Princes, and Princesses. In 1751 there was a bill offered in the English parliament proposing to change the almanac so that the 1st of March should come immediately after the 18th of February. But, oh, what a glorious change in the calendar when all the years of your earthly existence are swallowed up in the eternal year of God!

And, my friends, if we could only appreciate the glories that are to come, we would be so filled with enthusiasm that no power of earth or hell could stand before us; and at our first shout the opposing forces would begin to tremble, and at our second shout they would begin to fall back, and at our third shout they would be routed forever. There is no power on earth or in hell that could stand before three such volleys of hallelujah.

I put this balsam on the wounds of your heart. Rejoice at the thought of what your departed friends have got rid of, and that you have a prospect of so soon making your own escape. Bear cheerfully the ministry of tears, and exult at the thought that soon it is to be ended.

There we shall march up the heavenly street,
And ground our arms at Jesus's feet.

A Suggestion to the Advertiser.

You must expect for what you get
A tussle long and steady;
The sticks you throw about the top
Don't make the ripe persimmons drop,
When some one else has bagged the crop,
While you were making ready.
—*Lippincott.*

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN.

ANNIE BESANT, the Socialist, one of the most discussed of English women, whom half London adores and the other half shudders at as a dangerous element in society; an alien to state and creed, is perhaps coming to New York this winter. It is her present intention to devote some months, beginning perhaps in December, to a study of the condition of American working women, particularly in the mill towns of New York and New England, and to visit Kansas, observing the social situation in those peculiarly enterprising little cities which are run by feminine officials. Mrs. Besant is a woman of a highly sensitive organization, and the work of editing the *Link*, a labor paper published in London, together with lecture engagements the year round and attention to her duties as a member of the School Board for London, has not been sufficient to keep her mind from dwelling on her separation from her children, and the American tour has been planned by her friends to avert a breakdown in health by a total change of scene. Mrs. Besant is a sister-in-law of Walter Besant, the novelist. Since her election to the School Board by East London, which idolizes her, she has directed the education of the little people of the world's metropolis while denied the privilege of so much as seeing her own. Those who are invited to meet her this winter will see a tall, slender woman, with an expressive face, whose sweet mouth, large eyes and dark, wavy hair would be beautiful if every feature did not speak of loss, was not so sad. The last time I saw her she wore a gown of dull-gold silk cut in quaint æsthetic style.

MISS EMILY FAITHFULL is one of the women who may be present at the first annual convention of the Women's Council of America, to be held in Washington next April. Miss Faithful is much interested in projects which have been formed from time to time of colonizing some of Britain's superfluous women in the Western States and Territories, and one of the objects of her proposed visit is said to be to look into the promise of such a scheme by examining personally the market for women's labor. She will probably speak on the industrial outlook for women at the convention. Miss Faithfull has lived since her return five years ago from her wanderings in Colorado and California in an unpretending tenement in a depressing street of Plymouth Grove, one of the least pretentious suburbs of Manchester. Charlotte Robinson, who is home art decorator by special appointment to the Queen, is her housemate, and has carefully planned the cozy study which is a combination of library and drawing-room.

EDWARD BELLAMY IS, writes the Literary News, a resident and native of Springfield's charming neighbor, the quiet village of Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, where he occupies with his family the house on Church street that was for many years the house of his father, the late Rev. R. K. Bellamy, for thirty-five years pastor of the Baptist church. He is a direct descendant of the eminent theologian of the Revolutionary period, Dr. Joseph Bellamy, of Bethlehem, Ct., who was the preceptor of Aaron Burr. His maternal grandfather was Rev. Benjamin Putnam, one of the earliest pastors of the Baptist church in this city. Edward was born in 1850 and received a careful education, including a partial course at Union College and a year of study in Germany. He studied law also, and is a member of the Hampden county bar. In 1871 he began a journalistic career on the staff of the New York Evening Post. Thirty or forty stories by Mr. Bellamy have appeared in the old Scribner's, Appletons' Journal, the Century, Lippincott's, the Atlantic, and other magazines. Personally Mr. Bellamy is said to be attractive in presence, cordial and frank in bearing and conversation, an easy talker, a pleasant companion, and a kind friend. He tells us that "Looking Backward," although in form a fanciful romance, is intended, in all seriousness, as a forecast in accordance with the principles of evolution of the next stage in the industrial and social development of humanity, especially in this country, and no part of it is believed by the author to be better supported by the indications of probability than the implied prediction that the dawn of the new era is already near at hand and that the full day will swiftly follow. Does this seem at first incredible in view of the vastness of the changes presupposed? "What is the teaching of history," asks the author, "but that great national transformations, while ages of unnoticed preparation, when once inaugurated, are accomplished with a rapidity and resistless momentum proportioned to their magnitude, not limited by it."

A Photographic Feat.

One of the most remarkable feats of photography on record is the photographing the terrible explosion at Antwerp, or, if not the explosion, the immense cloud of smoke produced at the moment. The current number of *La Nature* gives an illustration copied from a photograph of the huge cloud that shot up in the air, roughly in shape like an inverted Florence flask, when the explosion occurred. It has been estimated as being 1700 or 1800 feet across and, according to the journal quoted, the cloud remained motionless for about a quarter of an hour, preserving the form recorded by the photograph. It seems very remarkable that just at the instant some one should have been ready with camera and plate, and quick whitted enough, notwithstanding the shock, to secure the view in time. The author of the negative is given as M. L. Van Neck.—*British Journal of Photography.*

—IT WAS FUNNY.—Burglar: "What are you laughing at, you fool? Do you see this gun?"

Awakened farmer: "I was laughing to see you hunt in the dark for the money I can't find in broad daylight."

—TO EXPECT a man to be as much of a man without a wife as with one, is just as reasonable as to expect a half-finished house to be as beautiful as a finished one.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY NOVEMBER 10, 1889.

David's Grief for Absalom.

LESSON TEXT.

2 Sam. 18: 18-33. Memory verses, 32, 33.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Prosperity and Adversity.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *As long as he sought the Lord, God made him to prosper.*—2 Chron. 26: 5.

LESSON TOPIC: *The Bitterness of Parental Grief.*

LESSON OUTLINE:
1. A Wicked Son's End, vs. 18-23.
2. A Loving Father's Distress, vs. 24-30.
3. A Bereaved Father's Bitterness, vs. 31-33.

GOLDEN TEXT: *A foolish son is a grief to his father, and bitterness to her that bare him.*—PROV. 17: 25.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—2 Sam. 18: 18-33. The bitterness of parental grief.
T.—2 Sam. 17: 1-14. Counter-plotting against Absalom.
W.—2 Sam. 17: 15-29. David in peril.
T.—2 Sam. 18: 1-17. Absalom's final battle.
F.—2 Sam. 19: 1-23. David's return desired.
S.—2 Sam. 19: 24-43. David's return welcomed.
S.—2 Sam. 22: 1-51. Praises for deliverance.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. A WICKED SON'S END.

I. His Name Cut Off:
I have no son to keep my name in remembrance (18).
Unto Absalom there were born three sons (2 Sam. 14: 27).
Thou hast blotted out their name for ever and ever (Psa. 9: 5).
Let his posterity be cut off (Psa. 109: 13).
The name of the wicked shall rot (Prov. 10: 7).

II. His Crimes Punished:
The Lord hath avenged him of his enemies (19).
He will avenge the blood of his servants (Deut. 32: 43).
The Lord avenge me of thee (1 Sam. 24: 12).
He will avenge them speedily (Luke 18: 8).
I will recompense, saith the Lord (Rom. 12: 19).

III. His Death Assured:
The king's son is dead (20).
Behold, I saw Absalom hanging in an oak (2 Sam. 18: 10).
Ten young men . . . smote Absalom, and slew him (2 Sam. 18: 15).
They . . . . cast him into the great pit in the forest (2 Sam. 18: 17).
Absalom . . . . is dead in battle (2 Sam. 19: 10).
1. "Absalom . . . . reared up for himself the pillar." (1) Absalom's desire; (2) Absalom's effort; (3) Absalom's failure.
2. "The king's son is dead." (1) David's charge; (2) Joab's deed; (3) Absalom's death.—Absalom (1) In rebellion; (2) In peril; (3) In death.
3. "Wherefore wilt thou run?" (1) The runner's ambition; (2) The soldier's expostulation; (3) The runner's persistence; (4) The soldier's consent.

II. A LOVING FATHER'S DISTRESS.

I. Waiting in Anxiety:
Now David sat between the two gates (24).
Why is his chariot so long in coming? (Judg. 5: 28).
Eli sat . . . . by the way side watching: for his heart trembled (1 Sam. 4: 13).
I see Mordecai the Jew sitting at the king's gate (Esther 5: 13).
They let go four anchors, ... and wished for the day (Acts 27: 29).

II. Hoping Against Hope:
He is a good man, and cometh with good tidings (27).
He looked . . . . and, lo, the smoke of the land went up (Gen. 19: 28).
Hope deferred maketh the heart sick (Prov. 13: 12).
Nevertheless the men rowed hard to get them back (Jonah 1: 13).
Who in hope believed against hope (Rom. 4: 18).

III. Burdened for Absalom:
Is it well with the young man Absalom? (29).
Deal gently for my sake with the young man (2 Sam. 18: 5).
Beware that none touch the young man Absalom (2 Sam. 18: 12).
Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord (Psa. 103: 13).
His father saw him and was moved with compassion (Luke 15: 20).
1. "David sat between the two gates." (1) The anxious king; (2) The expectant attitude; (3) The painful outcome.
2. "All is well." (1) Congratulation from Ahimaaz; (2) Sorrow for the king.—(1) Good for Israel; (2) Woe for David.
3. "Is it well with the young man Absalom?" (1) Parental solicitude; (2) Supreme concern.—(1) The venerable king; (2) The rebellious youth; (3) The deep concern.

III. A BEREAVED FATHER'S BITTERNESS.

I. The Sad Story:
All that rise up against thee, ... be as that young man is (32).
Saul and Jonathan his son are dead (2 Sam. 1: 4).
It fell upon the young men, and they were dead (Job 1: 19).
Thy daughter is dead (Mark 5: 35).
Lazarus is dead (John 11: 14).

II. The Bitter Tears:
The king was much moved, ... and wept (33).
Mine eye poureth out tears (Job 16: 20).
I water my couch with my tears (Psa. 6: 6).
Mine eyes a fountain of tears (Jer. 6: 1).
Rachel weeping for her children (Matt. 2: 18).

III. The Woful Lament:
Would God I had died for thee! (33).
If not, blot me, I pray thee, out of thy book (Exod. 32: 32).
The king covered his face, and . . . . cried with a loud voice (2 Sam. 19: 4).
Lover and friend hast thou put far from me (Psa. 88: 18).
My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? (Matt. 27: 46).
1. "Tidings for my lord the king," (1) The messenger; (2) The king; (3) The message.
2. "The enemies of my lord the king . . . . be as that young man is." (1) The young man's condition; (2) The Cushite's prayer.—(1) A report implied; (2) A desire expressed.
3. "Would God I had died for thee!" (1) The bereaved king; (2) The overwhelming grief; (3) The willing sacrifice.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

YOUNG MEN.

Objects of special interest (1 John 2: 13, 14).
Objects of solicitude (2 Sam. 18: 5, 29, 32; Zech. 2: 4).
As soldiers (Gen. 14: 24; 1 Sam. 26: 22; 2 Sam. 18: 15).
As messengers (Exod. 24: 5; Num. 11: 27; Acts 23: 16, 17).
As workers (Joel 2: 28; Acts 2: 17).
Prosper by industry (1 Kings 11: 28).
Should cleanse their way (Psa. 119: 9).
Should manifest sobriety (Eccl. 11: 9; Titus 2: 6).
Should praise God (Psa. 148: 12, 13).

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

INTERVENING EVENTS.—David hears of the revolt. He withdraws from Jerusalem, partly to spare the city, and partly under a sense of God's judgment. A body-guard of soldiers attends him, many of them foreigners, and most of them men who had been with him in Gath.

At Beth-merhak (so the Rev. Ver., with the marginal translation, "at the Far House") David seeks to dismiss Ittai the Gittite; but he refuses to leave him. Beyond the brook Kidron the ark is brought by Zadok and the Levites; but David sends it back, at the same time arranging to receive tidings from the city through the priests. On the Mount of Olives he hears of the treason of Ahithophel, and prays that his counsel may be brought to nought. On the summit of the mount he meets Hushai, his friend, and desires him to join Absalom, in order to defeat Ahithophel (2 Sam. 15: 13-37). On the other side of the mountain, Ziba, the servant of Mephibosheth, appears with a present of provisions. Belying his master, he is promised by David the property of Mephibosheth. At Bahurim, probably not far from the main road to the Jordan, Shimei assails the fugitives with stones and curses; but David will not allow him to be punished (2 Sam. 16: 1-14).

Absalom arrives at Jerusalem, probably on the same day, receives Hushai, and, on the advice of Ahithophel, commits a public and abhorrent crime (2 Sam. 16: 15-23). Ahithophel proposes to lead at once in pursuit of David; but Hushai advises a general levy of the nation, to be led to battle by Absalom himself. The advice of Hushai is accepted. Hushai and the priests then send word to David of Ahithophel's plan. The messengers are pursued, but saved by the stratagem of a woman in Bahurim. The king at once passes over Jordan, and Ahithophel goes home and hangs himself. David arrives at Mahanaim, the scene of the present lesson. Absalom follows, with Amasa, a cousin of Joab, as captain of his host. The chiefs of the neighborhood bring provisions to David (chap. 17).

The king divides his army under three captains, but is not himself allowed to go into battle. He publicly warns the leaders to spare Absalom. A decided victory is won by the king's forces, "the forest of Ephraim" aiding in the slaughter. Absalom is caught by the head (not the hair) in a great oak. Joab rebukes the man who tells of it, for not killing him. The man cites the command of the king, but Joab at once goes and slays Absalom, and then recalls his army. Absalom's body is thrown into a pit and covered with stones. The insurgent army flees (2 Sam. 18: 1-17).

PLACES.—Absalom's monument is in the Valley of the Kidron, probably on the site of the pillar referred to in verse 18, as in the king's dale. The tomb now existing is of a later date. The battle was fought between Mahanaim and the Jordan, in a forest bearing the name of Ephraim, The exact site of Mahanaim is disputed, but it was south of the brook Jabbok (Gen. 32: 1, 2), probably in the territory of God. David was between the inner and outer gate of the city, looking toward the battlefield.

TIME.—A few months, or possibly a few weeks, after the last lesson; that is, probably about B. C. 1023 or 1025.

PERSONS.—Absalom, Joab, Ahimaaz the son of Zadak, the Cushite (Auth. Ver., "Cushi") or Ethiopian, the watchman of Mahanaim, David.

INCIDENTS.—Absalom erects a memorial pillar. Ahimaaz desires to carry tidings of the victory to David; Joab sends the Cushite; Ahimaaz asks permission to follow, and out-runs the Cushite; the watchman sees him and tells the king. He then discovers the second runner; he recognizes Ahimaaz, who comes and tells of the victory, equivocating when asked about Absalom; the Cushite comes, and tells, when asked, in courtly language, that Absalom is dead; the king wails for Absalom.

THE SCRAP BASKET.

—The floral campaign still goes bravely on the resultant voting up to date being 67 per cent. for the Golden-rod, for the Arbutus or May-flower 21 per cent., for the Laurel 3½ per cent., for the Dandelion 3 per cent., for the Sunflower 1 per cent., for the Daisy 1 per cent., and the remaining 3½ per cent. scattering.

—A sponge is excellent for washing windows, and newspapers will polish them without leaving dust and streaks. Use a soft pine stick to cleanse the accumulation of dust from the corners of the sash. Ammonia will give the glass a clearer look than soap.

—Miss Katie Corey, M. D., a graduate of the University of Michigan, has recently been admitted to honorary membership in the Indiana Medical society, the first time, it is stated, this recognition has been extended there to a woman.

FARM NOTES.

JUDGING BY SCORING—Formerly all animals competing at fairs were judged by comparison, but in recent years, a scale of points (with 100 points as the possible limit) is used for judging. The 100 points scale is fixed as the *ideal* animal (as the cow, for instance), and the supposition is that no animal can reach the ideal. A certain number of the points are ascribed to the different sections (head, ears, muzzle, tail, quarters, udder, escutcheon, neck, etc.), the whole making 100. Sheep, swine and poultry are judged in the same manner, only the points differ according to the breed and kind of stock. In some cases careful measurements are made, and when an animal is deficient in any section the percentage of deficiency is subtracted, and are styled "cuts" or "outs." For instance, suppose the head has 10 points, and it does not approximate the ideal 20 per cent. The judge, cutting 20 per cent. off the 10 points, allows the animal 8 points per head. Following this course until he has examined every portion of the animal, the judge may find as many as 10 defects which he subtracts from the total of 100, and ends his work by scoring the animal 90 points. Thus, it will be seen, a judge must not only understand the points requisite for the breed, but must be keen in observing, and be very careful, as half a point may determine the winner of a prize.

IF THE hens are kept for profit it is not economical to feed them the moldy grain. Only the best to be had should be given laying hens. In proportion to her weight the hen produces more than the cow, and in order to derive that product one must be treated liberally. If the hens are compelled to hunt their food entirely, and receive but little consideration from their owner, they will be unable to give a satisfactory return for the space they occupy on the farm. A hen can be made to lay throughout the winter season by good treatment.

INSTEAD of exposing the corn-fodder in the fields it should be stored under cover as soon as dry enough, and it would be an advantage to have it in the barn before it gets wet, which, however, is not always possible, but the less exposure to rain the better. In the South the stalks are stripped of the blades, which are cured in bundles, and put in the barn immediately, which renders the fodder very acceptable to stock of all kinds, it largely supplying the place of hay.

WARM quarters are in order now, and all winter preparations should be made as soon as possible. The less wind and cold that comes into the stables the less food required. Every dollar expended in shelter lessens the expense of feeding. The animal heat must be provided by feeding the stock liberally, but the greater the exposure the greater the loss of animal heat. Shelter is indispensable to economical management.

IT will cost but a trifle to use ordinary building-paper in the stable. As it can be fastened to the walls in a very short time, it should be used especially on the north side. It is usually fastened on the inside of the walls, and held in place with plastering-lath, which are nailed over the paper, the lath being two feet apart. Paper is an excellent non-conductor of heat, and serves admirably in keeping out the draughts. It should be used in all stables that are not closely built and warm.

DURING the past season cabbages have escaped the ravages of the cabbage-worm to a certain extent, as the remedies tried have given better success than previously. The two remedies that have been efficacious when frequently applied are pyrethrum and saltpetre. In both cases a solution is made by pouring boiling water (half a gallon) on a tablespoonful of the material. When cold the solution is applied with a sprinkler.

IN AN off year, succeeding a profuse year with plums, native or foreign the curculio, for lack of these, often devotes herself to the apple as a nidus for her eggs. Whether these ever perfect the young we don't know, but certainly they produce the most curiously contorted and knotty specimens of fruit that have ever come under our notice.

A WRITER says that "an exceedingly delicate and fine-flavored butter may be made by wrapping the cream in a napkin or clean cloth and burying it a foot or more in the earth for from twelve to twenty hours." We mention this plan for the benefit of the boy who has to do the churning. He can bury his cream and play marbles till the "butter comes." That will beat the new-fangled butter-separator.

"I HAVE seen," says a sheep farmer, "a field which had been used as a pasture for colts and calves till about one-third of it was covered with golden-rod and blackberry vines changed to a fine grassy sward in three years by putting in a few more sheep than it would keep in good condition, and giving them extra food to make up the deficiency."

SWEET potatoes are easily injured by frosts, and if they cannot be dug in good season a good plan will be to cut the vines close to the top of the ground. Both kinds of potatoes as well as all other varieties of root crops, with the exception of salsify, parsnips and artichokes should be dug before the ground freezes, or serious injury to the crops may be done.

THE disease known as "peach yellows" is said to be disseminated by growers using pits for seed that comes from localities where the disease exists. Pits from cities and canning factories should be avoided, and no pits used unless from sections where tee disease has never existed.

TRY the experiment of packing a few sweet potatoes in layers, with dry dirt between the layers, and keep them in some place where the temperature will not get below the freezing point.

HOUSEHOLD

THE GOLDEN APPLE.—The quince, which is not generally regarded as a fruit of very precious or elegant character, is nevertheless one possessing more uses than most of the fruits of its family. In cookery it is exceedingly piquant when simply baked in an oven and sprinkled with sugar; it makes a delicious preserve, a fine marmalade, and a jelly of great delicacy, highly valued in throat troubles. Its cores and seeds have been found to be agreeable eating even after long drying, and they are full of a mucilaginous substance which, owing to its demulcent nature, is valuable in bronchial troubles and coughs, which diluted is used in various eye-washes, and which is largely compounded in what is called bandoline, lately as popular a dressing for the hair as the perfumed pomades were once. Meanwhile the beauty afforded us by the quince is especially remarkable; in spring the bush of the fruit-producing kind being covered with large-petaled blossoms of an exquisite pale pink and a most delicate perfume, and the bush of the species whose fruit is not used bearing blossoms of a flaming scarlet, which gives it great value as an ornamental shrub; while in autumn the great spheres of downy gold seem fairly to steam with a spicy fragrance of indescribable richness. The quince is a Southern growth, found wild in Africa and Asia, and it is celebrated throughout Oriental literature. No list of delectable fruits is complete without it there, and its aroma fills the pages of the *Arabian Nights*, while in classic affairs it has as many advocates as the orange in claiming to be the Golden Apple of the Hesperides.

STEWED OYSTERS.—Put 50 oysters in a sieve until they are entirely free from the juice; then put ¼ pound of butter in a stew pan. When melted stir in a teaspoonful of flour, pour the oysters into the butter, and keep stirring until they begin to curl; then stir in a tumbler of cream. Season to the taste with pepper and salt, stir, and as soon as the cream is hot, serve. Do not let the cream boil, or it will curdle.

STEWED OYSTERS.—Put half a pint of oysters in a colander and throw over them a gill of cold water; put the liquor and this water in a saucepan, boil and skim; lay the oysters in another saucepan; pour over the liquor and one egg beaten up with half a cup of milk. Stir until very hot and the oysters open their beards, sift in two tablespoonfuls of cracker dust and serve at once.

OYSTER OMELET.—Beat six eggs separately very light; season with pepper and salt; add two tablespoonfuls of cream and pour into a frying pan, with a tablespoonful of butter; drop in the omelet 8 or 10 large oysters chopped fine and fry, fold over and send to table immediately.

Don't Waste Your Time

and money experimenting with doubtful remedies, when Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is so positively certain in its curative action as to warrant its manufacturers in supplying it to the public, as they are doing through druggists, under a duly executed certificate of guarantee, that it will accomplish all it is recommended to do, or money paid for it will be promptly returned. It cures torpid liver, or biliousness, indigestion, or dyspepsia, all humors, or blood taints, from whatever cause arising, skin and scalp diseases, scrofulous affections, (not excepting consumption, or lung-scrofula), if taken in time and given a fair trial.

Thousands of cures follow the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. 50 cents.

Plant trees along the roadside now, and do not delay it until spring. Drains along the road should be kept open, the roads leveled and put in the best condition for winter.

From the Paris World Exhibition.

As we are informed, the Paris journal for ladies fashions, "La Couturiere" has been awarded with a premium at the World Exhibition at Paris, and therefore we think, it would be of great interest both for our lady dressmakers and for every lady in general, if we call their attention to the new American edition of this fashion journal, much the more as it is printed in English language. We can not enough point to the rich material this paper offers, because the annual issue consists of about 3-0 of the latest designs, also 200 colored figures, and each number is accompanied by a cut pattern. But what seems to be for us of the greatest value, is, that the publisher has made arrangements, that of all the designs and of the colored figures, too, the cut patterns in various sizes, either of cloaks, jackets, dresses or baby garments, can be got at from 20cts. up. We believe, it would be useless to mention that this paper "La Couturiere" brings only its own Paris designs in original on the market, also that it is enabled, to indicate the latest fashion colors through its colored pictures.

We can recommend this paper to every dressmaker and housekeeper, from the fact, that the price of this splendid issue is only $2.75 per annum and $1.50 semi-annually, and it can be had through the New York Office, Max Keffel, 834 Broadway. Especially we can hint to the November edition consisting of a great season picture with winter cloaks, an other season picture for costumes, a Panorama of children garments, a Promenade costume, the last three supplements being in colored hues, and a cut pattern.

I can see as far into the millstone as the picker.

Don't commit suicide! if you have dyspepsia; with headache, heartburn, distress in the stomach, no appetite, and are all worn out—but take Hood's Sarsaparilla and be cured. It creates an appetite, and gently regulates the digestion. Sold by druggists.

If you give an inch he will take an ell.

There is *nothing* (unless it be the sewing machine) that has lightened woman's labor as much as Dobbins' Electric Soap, *constantly* sold since 1864. All grocers have it. Have *you* made its acquaintance? Try it.

Hot love is soon cold.

Frazer Axle Grease.

The Frazer is kept by all dealers. One box lasts as long as two of any other. Received medals at North Carolina State Fair, Centennial, and Paris Exposition.

It is a long road that has no turning.

Many imitate "Tansill's Punch" 5c. Cigar.

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"My little daughter's life was saved, as we believe, by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Before she was six months old scrofula began to appear, and in a short time she had 7 running sores. One physician advised the amputation of one of her fingers, to which we refused assent. We began giving her Hood's Sarsaparilla. A marked improvement was noticed after she had taken only one bottle, and by a continued use of it her recovery was complete. And she is now, being seven years old, strong and healthy." B. C. JONES, Alna, Lincoln Co., Me.

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Taken according to directions they will restore health and renew vitality.

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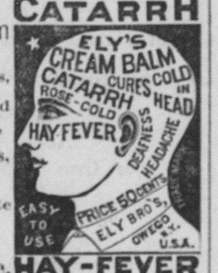
Cleanses the Nasal Passages,

Allays Pain and Inflammation,

Heals the Sores,

Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

CATARRH



Try the Cure. HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cts. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

PALMS BUS. COLLEGE, Philadelphia, Pa. Scholarship and position, $50. Write for circular.

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BASE BALL CHADWICK'S MANUAL. 7 in. x 5 in. 70 pages. Illuminated Cover. SENT FREE on application enclosing one (2c.) stamp, by addressing. THEODORE HOLLAND, P. O. Box 120, Phila., Pa.

WANTED A CANVASSER for this town and vicinity. Something sure to take. Write for full particulars to MRS. S. D. ARMBRUSTER, Philadelphia, Woman's Exchange, 19 S. 13th Street.

OPIUM HABIT. Only Certain and easy CURE in the World. Dr. J. L. STEPHENS, Lebanon, O. 43 652

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief in Asthma. Price 35 cts. by mail. Stowell & Co., Boston, Mass.

October usually witnesses a frost. All crops liable to injury should be placed in some secure place without delay.

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say: "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c. and $1. *Trial size free.* At all druggists.

Sewer- diggers in Ticonderoga, N. Y., recently came upon the bones of Lord Howe, killed in battle there on July 8, 1758.

If Sufferers from Consumption,

Scrofula, Bronchitis, and General Debility will try *Scott's Emulsion* of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, they will find immediate relief and perminate benefit. The Medical Profession universally declare it a remedy of the greatest value and very palatable. Read: "I have used Scott's Emulsion in several cases of Scrofula and Debility in Children. Results most gratifying. My little patients take it with pleasure." —W. A. HULBERT, M. D., Salisbury, Il'.

Hope is a good breakfast but a bad supper.

Rupture cure guaranteed by Dr. J. B. Mayer, 831 Arch St., Phil'a, Pa. Ease at once, no operation or delay from business, attested by thousands of cures after others fail, advice free, send for circular.

A heart-shaped pink topaz, surrounded by small diamonds, forms an exceedingly tasteful pendant for a lady's chain.

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FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St. Phila., Pa.

A unique silver glove stretcher has two Japanese warriors represented in belligerent attitudes on each handle.

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Were given with nearly every issue during the last year, and will be continued. They give an increase of nearly one-half in the matter and illustrations, without any increase in the price of the paper.

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Articles of great value and interest will be given in the volume for 1890 by

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While introducing our fine work, if you send us a photograph of yourself or one member of your family, we will make you a full life-size Crayon Portrait Free of Charge. The only consideration imposed upon you will be that you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work, and assist us in securing orders; also, that you promise to have it framed suitably, so that the work will show to advantage. Write your full name and address on back of photo to secure its safety. We guarantee its return. Our offer is good for a few days only, and the sample portrait is worth $30, being as fine as can be made. Address AMERICAN PORTRAIT CO., 120 West 32d St., NEW YORK CITY. Largest Life-Size Portrait House in the World.

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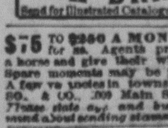

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THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, NOV. 7.

WOE IN LEBANON.

A Horrible Accident at the Colebrook Furnaces.

LEBANON, Pa., Nov. 5.—One of the most horrible accidents occurred last evening at the Colebrook furnaces that was ever known here.

On Saturday evening the iron broke out at the hearth of No. 1 furnace and was checked with great trouble. Last evening at 5 o'clock it again broke out, causing sad havoc in several families.

Ten men were engaged with block and fall breaking the large mass of iron, when, without a moment's notice, the iron burst out on the west side, flying in every direction, and about thirty feet in the air.

Among those working at the place were William Snyder, Isaac Seigrist, Harry Bohr, Harvey Beck, Henry Fertig, John Bohr, Enoch Isenhauer, Benneville Eck, E. H. Tice and Henry Foreman.

The first four were covered with a mass of molten metal and were burned to a crisp when found in the debris.

John Bohr had his hands and feet badly burned, Isenhauer's entire body was seriously burned, while Benneville Eck is dangerously burned, with but slight hope of recovery.

Tice and Foreman, working at the top of the mantle, jumped on to the roof of the slackhouse and escaped with slight burns and bruises.

A large force of men were put to work immediately after the iron had been cooled by the fire companies. Harry Beck was the first victim found, burned to a crisp on the first mantle. At 6:20 William Snyder was found buried in three feet of molten iron. The bodies of Siegrist, Fertig and Bohr have not yet been found.

Weeping wives, mothers and fathers are among the throng of people waiting to identify the dead. Those who were taken out were taken to the Good Samaritan hospital.

The other bodies may not be found at all, as the heat was so intense it is likely they were burned to ashes.

For Trying to Wreck a Train.

SCRANTON, Pa., Nov. 4. — Frank George, Harry Charon and Alexander Charon, three Hungarians who attempted to wreck a gravity railroad train near Carbondale, were each sentenced to three years' imprisonment in the eastern penitentiary.

A Scranton Clergyman's Call.

SCRANTON, Pa., Nov. 5.—Rev. Dr. David Spencer, formerly of Philadelphia, who has been pastor of the Pennsylvania Avenue Baptist church in this city since 1880, has resigned to accept a call to Racine, Wis.

Facts for all.

In spite of all competition the Philad. Branch clothing store, remains headquarters for actual bargains in ready made clothing, for men and boys. Lewins introduced cheap clothing in Centre county, and has kept it at that all the time; he kept honest goods, no trash, and, as a rule, always sold from 25 to 30 per cent below any other clothing store in this part of the state.

JOHNSTOWN'S DEAD.

Progress of the Search for Bodies—The Fund Reaches $12,000.

JOHNSTOWN, Pa., Nov. 4. — Large crowds of people daily watch the removal of the dead that is going on in hope of finding some of their kin who are yet among the missing. The fund for continuing the search for the dead has rolled up to $12,240. No subscription was asked or received from outside the Conemaugh valley. The Cambria Iron company added $2,000 to the fund.

Mr. Scheck, surveyor, made a report of the condition of bridges to the foreman of the flood commission. After a full discussion of the subject it was decided that the Lincoln bridge be replaced by a wooden truss four feet above the present abutment, and that the Franklin street bridge, Woodvale bridge, Poplar street bridge and Cambria iron bridge should be sheathed and the piers should be weighted.

During the week 201 bodies were lifted in Prospect cemetery, and of the 171 which were buried in a public plot ten were identified.

The Scranton City Bank.

SCRANTON, Pa., Nov. 4.—Assignee Gunster has commenced the payment of depositors' claims against the Scranton City bank, which closed its doors last May because of Cashier Jessup's using its funds to develop coal land leases. The payments are 60 per cent. of each claim, and will be followed with 10 per cent. the 1st of each succeeding month until all are fully paid up, the bank having realized sufficiently from the assets turned over by Jessup and the payments of the directors to warrant this early and satisfactory adjustment. Over 200 depositors paid $40,000 and nearly 600 have yet to present their claims.

Saloon Keepers Win.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 2.—Judge Bregy rendered decisions dismissing rules that had been taken by the Law and Order society against eight saloon keepers to show cause why their licenses should not be revoked for selling to persons visibly affected with drink and in some instances to minors. His honor decided that the testimony in behalf of the defendants was overwhelming, and he could not draw an inference that they had knowingly violated the law.

Teaching the Teachers.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., Nov. 5.—West Chester is full of school teachers, from the young and giddy girl who has taught for a few weeks to the elderly and staid female who has passed the greater portion of her life in a school room. Trains brought them from all parts of the county and nearly 500 of them have registered at Horticultural hall, where the thirty-fourth session of the Chester County Teachers' institute is being held.

—For an honest deal, honest goods and honest prices, go to Lewins, whose stock of ready made clothing can't be matched. You always save from $3 to $8 on a suit at the Philad. Branch.

1889 GREETINGS 1889

We take pleasure in calling your attention to the unusually full and complete stock of

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING !

For Men, Boys, and Children, now ready for your inspection a he

PHILAD. BRANCH,

Bellefonte, Pa. The success of our former selections in purchasing has been gratifying, and the same care has been exercised this year.

We offer for sale everything in our line at reasonable rates and ask only

—ONE PRICE—

—the one we expect to get. See the quotations below :

Spring and Fall Overcoats from	$3.00 *to* $18.00
" *Blue Beaver Union* "	8.00
" *Chinchilla Beaver* " *(all wool)*	12,00
Storm Overcoats, all wool	8.00
" " "	10.00
" " "	5.00
" " "	4.00
Suitings from	4.50 *to* 5.00
Fine Riverside and Corkscrew	16.00
" " " "	12.00
Corkscrews	10.00
Children's Suits, all prices	1.75 *to* 7.00
Pantaloons from	.75 *to* 4.00

—o—

REMEMBER, all our Boys' and Men's Clothing is made by the best tailors and the best trimmings used, patches with each suit.

—o—

Merchant Tailoring a specialty. Our prices are as low as the lowest. Perfect fits in all clothing guaranteed or the money refunded. No misrepresetations. Call and be convinced.

SAMUEL LEWINS,

Allegheny Street, - - - - - - - - *Bellefonte, Pa.*

THE RESULT IN MONTANA.

The Republicans Secure the Legislature and Most of the State Offices.

HELENA, Mont., Nov. 5.—The official canvass of the state vote was finished. Silver Bow county, over which there is a dispute, was canvassed by the board of that county, thus electing the entire Republican state ticket, except Toole for governor. The judges of the supreme court and six of the eight district judges are Republican.

The senate is a tie, with a Republican lieutenant governor to cast the deciding vote. The house is Republican by, at least, six majority. The Republicans expect to gain one seat in the house in Jefferson county. The returns from this county are contested. If they gain this seat they will have eight majority on joint ballot. There is a tie for member of the house in Beaver Head and Deer Lodge counties, which will necessitate a new election. Out of 22,000 votes cast only 1,800 are against the adoption of the constitution.

Both Sides Claim Ohio.

COLUMBUS, O., Nov. 5.—Chairman Conger, of the Republican state executive committee, went home to Akron to vote. As there were several inquiries for his opinion he was telegraped from headquarters for it and replied: "Our poll of over 22,000 precincts in the state shows a plurality for the Republican state ticket of over 21,000 outside of Hamilton county. To be conservative we deduct 5,500 on account of local differences, waiving strength that may come to us from some causes on the other side. I do not believe our plurality can possibly fall below 15,000. We estimate our majority in the senate at 3 and in the house at 17."

Chairman Neal, of the Democratic executive committee, before starting home to Hamilton county said: "The entire Democratic state ticket will be elected by large majorities, and Mr. Campbell will beat Governor Foraker by not less than 16,000, and it will be more apt to be 20,000 or 25,000."

Baltimore's Exciting Contest.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 5. — Perhaps the most hotly contested election that has taken place in Baltimore since 1875 is progressing here. The opposing forces are the regular Democrats, under the lead of United States Senator Gorman, and the Independant Democrats and Republicans with John K. Cowan, general counsel of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad company, at their head. There are to be elected a mayor, chief judge, sheriff, clerk of the superior court, city surveyor, thirty-three members of the city counsel and a full legislative ticket and a state comptroller. The campaign has been very bitter. Money has been used lavishly. Thousands upon thousands of dollars has been spent by both sides in advertising speeches and open letters.

The Australian Ballot in Massachusetts.

BOSTON, Nov. 5.—The state election in progress here is chiefly interesting as furnishing the first test of the new Australian ballot law in this state. The campaign has not aroused any excitement and the minor local offices have almost monopolized the efforts of the politicians. The Republicans claim their usual majority for governor, while the Democrats express a belief that their nominee will win by from 2,000 to 5,000 majority. Returns from some of the larger towns in the state may be announced later than usual, as the counting of votes under the new system may occupy more time than formerly.

The Election in New York.

NEW YORK, Nov. 5.—Polling is proceeding quietly throughout the city, the chief interest centering in the local offices. A small vote is being cast. The Tammany workers are seen on every hand and the fusion ticket is being closely pressed. Both parties "claim everything" for both the city and state tickets.

Bortkiewitch's Desperate Leap.

NEW YORK, Nov. 4.—"Count" Anseime Stanislaus Bortkiewitch, that versatile young Russian "nobleman" who has been atracting so much attention lately in a criminal way, distinguished himself again by making a most daring leap for liberty from the rear end of a Third avenue "L" car that was in motion on the track and from there to the street below, a distance of thirty feet. He is now lying in the prisoner's cage in Bellevue hospital. His right knee cap is broken into four quarters, his heel bone on the left foot is shattered in many pieces and his ankle bone on the same foot is fractured. He made the leap in an attempt to escape from Detective Nugent, in whose charge he was.

A Fatal Political Dispute.

RICHMOND, Va., Nov. 5.—A number of negroes at Dickerson's store, Henrico county, three miles from here, got into a dispute about politics. A negro named Spot was struck on the head with a piece of wood and died soon afterward. The murderer and twenty-five or thirty other negroes who were present have been arrested.

A Lancaster Central Trades Union.

LANCASTER, Pa., Nov. 4.—The permanent organization of a Central Trades union was effected at a meeting of representatives of all the unions in the city. The meeting resolved to take the steps necessary for abolishing child labor in the local factories and to agitate in favor of eight hours as a day's labor. There are about 1,200 organized working people in this city, and an effort will be made to largely increase that number.

A Hermit Starves to Death.

DOYLESTOWN, Pa., Nov. 4.—Conrad Miller, who has passed most of his life a hermit in his lonely cabin among the rocks of Haycock township, was found dead. On careful examination by a physician it was found that the old man had starved to death. He was 76 years old.

Stole a Chew of Tobacco.

SCRANTON, Pa., Nov. 2.—In the criminal court here Patrick White was convicted of robbing Thomas Carroll of a chew of tobacco. Conviction would have been impossible had not White been a hard character who has frequently figured in criminal trials.

—In spite of all competition Lewin continues to take the lead in ready made clothing, low prices as well as quality of goods. He gets ahead of all, sells more than all, pleases all, and fits and suits all.

—Whatt he Philad. Branch does not have in the line of ready-made clothing, i not worth having. The spring stock now on the counters is immense and goes ahead of anything you ever saw Lewins is King for low prices.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous rms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, NOV. 7.

Dr. Hammond, who expressed his belief in Brown-Sequard's elixir of life, long ago gave to the public his conclusion that there was no scientific basis for the decay of vitality. If man is really immortal, his life cannot decay. Therefore, disease, decay and death merely happen because we are ignorant of the laws of life. This was Dr. Hammond's reasoning.

For the whalers in the northwest seas the government is building a permanent refuge and life saving station at Point Barrow. Many lives have been lost and horrible sufferings have been endured in the past few years. A number of whaling ships with their crews have been lost and never heard of, swallowed up in the eternal mystery that broods over those far northern regions.

There are those sometimes who commiserate Texas because she has mostly seemed to lack one of the elements of perfect prosperity, and that is large mineral wealth. But now comes word that a valuable petroleum has been found both in the east and west of the state. The oil in western Texas resembles that of Pennsylvania. Texas is a long way from the other oil producing regions, and if a good article of illuminating oil is found there undoubtedly the state will have a great boom. Natural gas in small quantities has also been detected along with the oil deposits.

An old inhabitant, not so very old either, remembers New York city when it had not a single tenement house, and when the daughters of well-to-do citizens swept their own sidewalks and the street itself out nearly to the middle. Now two-thirds of New York's million and a half of people live in tenement houses, and if the daughter of a well-to-do citizen should be seen sweeping a sidewalk she would be thought to be a candidate for the insane asylum. Then the population of the city were nearly all Americans. Now there are whole streets whose inhabitants can scarcely speak a word of English. But the change which strikes the old New Yorker most is what he calls "the rise of squalor line;" that is, the increase of poverty. He says: "The squalor line is rising in New York as surely and as mercilessly as the tide rises in the rivers that surround it. I only hope a way may be found to force it to recede."

The Book of Divorce.

Mr. A. Parlett Lloyd has perhaps made it easier for his fellow countrymen to settle their matrimonial woes. He has gathered into one volume the divorce laws of the different states and territories and published them under the name of "A Treatise on the Law of Divorce." It is a queer assortment. Causes for divorce range from almost nothing in one state to the gravest crimes in another. In Washington territory, Connecticut, Utah and Kentucky the grounds for divorce are almost left to the discretion of the judge, while in South Carolina no divorce is granted at all on any ground. From this book a sufferer can find out on what plea he may get a divorce in the state in which he lives or elsewhere. Mr. Parlett Lloyd thinks the strange jumble of laws shows the utter futility of attempting to pass a general United States divorce law.

Useful Apes.

Professor Romanes has been teaching a chimpanzee in the London Zoological garden to count. She succeeded in learning to obey the order to pick up one, two or more straws accurately as far as five. Above that number she was generally accurate as far as seven, though she sometimes made mistakes.

This learned chimpanzee understood spoken language "to a degree which is fully equal to that presented by an infant a few months before emerging from infancy." This, Professor Romanes says, is a higher intelligence than is manifested by any other brute, so far as he has been able to discover.

The ape was indeed almost able to articulate words. She had three distinct sounds to express three different emotions. One kind of a grunt meant yes, another no, while a third sound meant to say "thank you" for gifts or favors. "At times she sings a strange howling note, interrupted at regular intervals." The creature manifests great docility and affection for her keepers, who are very kind to her.

If civilized man inhabited the wilds in which these animals are found, he would long ago have had them trained to be his slaves. Man subjugated to his service the horse, a far stronger, less intelligent animal than the chimpanzee. So why not the chimpanzee and its fierce cousin, the gorilla, which grows to man's size in the wilds of western Africa? The negroes there have, indeed, occasionally broken in the gorilla to pluck cocoanuts and carry water for them. Why could they not be trained to systematic service? There is no sin in making slaves of gorillas and chimpanzees. There is a story that apes have been trained to do very useful work in tobacco fields.

Pan-America means simply all America. "Pan" is a Greek word signifying all.

The piano and organ manufacturers of the country have united in an association. It is fitting that organ men should organize.

Senator Sherman says he is almost persuaded to become a free trader to the extent of having full reciprocity with our South American neighbors.

The public will be indebted to Michael Davitt for one bit of information. He says the Clan-na-Gael is not a secret society any more than the order of Free Masons is.

John Williams, of Washington, has answered in a practical manner the question whether the negro race is dying out. He is the father of twenty-nine children and grandfather and great grandfather of fifty-eight more—eighty-seven in all.

It is said the best crop raised this year in North Dakota has been mortgages. The crops have failed there three years in succession, and the brave farmers are destitute. They are entitled to help from all their fellow countrymen. They need it, and need it now.

At the Unitarian convention in Philadelphia, the reporting committee confessed they did not know how the foreign missions would pan out. "Nearer home, however," said the report, "there are opportunities we must not allow to pass by." The Unitarians recognize nobly the fact that there is no end of strong, honest missionary work to be done at home.

The Injured Husband Club.

It started in Philadelphia, and it is quite the latest wrinkle. It is, in fact, a sort of cave of Adullam for men with a grievance.

Husbands whose lives are consumed by a secret sorrow, husbands whose wives do not love them, husbands whose wives love them too much—the latter class constituting the far greater number—all these flock to the standard of the abused husband club. Here gather those who have been divorced, those who want to be divorced and can't, those whose married existence is in general a purgatory of incompatibility, and those whose wives cannot or will not cook aright—all these gather around the friendly roof tree of the abused husband club, and in its diversions find surcease of sorrow. A committee examines the candidates privately, and the man who is by common consent the most cruelly abused, battered and put-upon husband is elected president.

The club agrees to pay divorce and alimony expenses for its members, and otherwise comfort them to the extent of its resources. A man who makes friends with his wife is expelled from the club. The organization is growing with marvelous rapidity. It is expected there will in a few weeks be 5,000 members in Philadelphia alone. This is hard on Philadelphia wives.

Farmers and Co-operative Industry.

Two meetings of significant interest were recently in progress on the same day in our wide country, one east, the other west. One was the Interstate Wheatgrowers' association at St. Louis, the other a meeting of delegates from the five states that supply New York city with milk. Both met with the same object—to protect the interests of farmers by co-operation. The name of the western organization is the Farmers' Federation of the Mississippi Valley. The eastern calls itself the Union of Milk Producers for the Supply of the New York Market.

The wheat growing farmers at St. Louis represented a capital of $20,000,000. The milk farmers intend to start with a capital of $500,000. Both intend to bind themselves together in fast union and take the fixing of the prices of their products out of the hands of middlemen and regulate them themselves.

Under existing arrangements, 10,000 milk producers are at the mercy of the New York Milk Exchange, a combination of 100 men, hardly one of whom ever milked a cow in his life. The plan is to divide the milk region into districts, with a shipping agent for each. The milk will be forwarded to a central depot just outside of New York; thence it will be distributed under orders of the producers themselves.

At the wheat growers' meeting a Chicago grain speculator told the farmers that the monopolists, selfish as they were, had taught a lesson which would be a blessing to humanity. It was the lesson of co-operation. They had accomplished their ends by hanging together, and farmers could hang together as well as monopolists. The farmers resolved then that they would hang together, and fix the price of grain themselves. The price of bread will not be any higher to consumers, however.

Then the agriculturists resolved to memorialize congress to make reciprocity treaties with the nations that take our products, so that farmers' stuffs can enter those countries free. They also decided to ask congress to break up other trusts and monopolies, and to admit agricultural implements and the iron used in their manufacture free.

It will be deeply interesting to watch the farmers' management of what is undoubtedly the coming system of industry for the world—the system of co-operation.

:-: ROCHESTER :-:

! CLOTHING HOUSE !

—:—o—:—

The coming season bids fair to be the largest we have ever experienced, and we have made preparations accordingly.

You know what we have done in the past; come and see what we can do now.

Our line of Gent's Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Trunks and Satchels, is by far the largest and most complete ever shown in Bellefonte. In fact there is nothing that Men, Boys, or Children want for Fall and Winter wear that we do not have in largest variety and at the very lowest prices.

You should see the goods piled on our counters and shelves—not a vacant space to be found. The goods that fill our store from one end to the other, are the first selections from the finest manufacturers in the United States. The styles, fit, make and quality of our Men's, Boy's and Children's clothing is only surpassed by the immense assortment we can show you and the very low prices we have marked them.

Remember that our goods are all marked in plain figures, and anything bought of us not perfectly satisfactory when taken home, if returned, money will be cheertully refunded.

Yours Sincerely,

M. FAUBLE,

Proprietor.

REYNOLD'S NEW BANK BUILDING, BELLEFONTE.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD —(Philadelp and Erie Division)—on and after May 12, 1889

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia		11 25 p m
"	Harrisburg		3 30 a m
"	Montandon		5 36 a m
"	Williamsport		7 10 a m
"	Jersey Shore		7 35 a m
"	Lock Haven		7 58 a m
"	Renovo		8 55 a m
" arr at	Erie		4 05 p m

Sunday train—Erie mail west runs also on Sunday.

NEWS EXPRESS leaves	Philadelphia		4 30 a m
"	Harrisburg		8 10 a m
"	Montandon		10 12 a m
"	Williamsport		11 10 a m
" arr at	Lock Haven		12 10 p m

Sunday Train—News Express, runs also on Sunday.

NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia		8 50 a m
"	Harrisburg		12 15a m
"	Montandon		2 03 a m
" arr at	Williamsport		3 05 p m
"	Lock Haven		4 15 p m
"	Renovo		5 15 p m
"	Kane		9 10 p m
AST LINE leaves	Philadelphia		11 50 p m
"	Harrisburg		3 45 p m
"	Montandon		5 54 p m
"	Williamsport		7 10 p m
"	Lock Haven		7 57 p m
" arr at	Renovo		8 50 p m

(Sunday Train.

WMSPORT EXP leaves	Philadelphia		5 34 a m
"	Harrisburg		9 00 a m
"	Montandon		11 03 a m
" arrives at	Williamsport		11 59 a m

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP. leaves	Lock Haven		7 00 a m
"	Jersey Shore		7 35 a m
"	Williamsport		8 15 a m
"	Montandon		9 17 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg		11 30 a m
"	Philadelphia		3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane		6 25 a m
"	Renovo		10 20 a m
"	Lock Haven		11 15 a m
"	Williamsport		12 20 p m
"	Montandon		1 20 p m
" arr at	Harrisburg		3 13 p m
"	Philadelphia		6 50 p m
RENOVO AC'N leaves	Renovo		4 35 p m
"	Lock Haven		5 35 p m
"	Williamsport		6 35 p m
"	Montandon		7 37 p m
" arrives at	Harrisburg		9 45 p m
"	Philadelphia		4 25 a m

Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs on Sunday from Lock Haven.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie		3 00 p m
"	Renovo		10 30 p m
"	Lock Haven		11 15 p m
"	Williamsport		12 20 a m
"	Montandon		1 20 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg		3 13 a m
"	Philadelphia		6 50 a m

Sunday Train—Erie Mail east runs also on Sunday.

SOUTHERN EXP leaves	Williamsport		1 30 a m
"	Montandon		2 30 a m
" arr at	Harrisburg		4 30 a m
"	Philadelphia		10 20 a m

Sunday Train—Southern Express east runs also on Sunday.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East. Renovo Accommodation East & Erie Mail East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

" Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P & W. R R; at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD.
BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R
Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	Eastward. A M	P.M.	P M
2 05	10 15	5 50	Montandon	9 10	1 15	5 45
2 15	10 25	6 15	Lewisburg	9 00	1 05	5 35
2 26		6 24	Biehl	8 51		5 26
2 32		6 30	Vicksburg	8 45		5 20
2 43		6 41	Mifflinburg	8 35		5 08
2 58		6 56	Millmont	8 22		4 53
3 08		7 05	Laurelton	8 13		4 43
3 44		7 40	Paddy Mountain	7 40		4 08
3 55		7 52	Coburn	7 27		3 55
4 04		7 58	Zerby	7 19		3 45
4 13		8 10	Rising Spring	7 10		3 35
4 21		8 18	Penn Cave	7 00		3 27
4 28		8 25	Centre Hall	6 52		3 20
4 35		8 33	Gregg	6 43		3 13
4 43		8 42	Linden Hall	6 36		3 05
4 48		8 48	Oak Hall	6 30		3 00
4 52		8 52	Lemont	6 25		2 55
4 57		8 59	Dale Summit	6 20		2 50
5 06		9 09	Pleasant Gap	6 10		2 40
5 10		9 14	Axemann	6 04		2 34
5 15		9 20	Bellefonte	6 00		2 30

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 9.55 a m, 1.45p m and 7.25 p m. returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 p m. 1.23 p m, 6.00 p m and 7 40 p m.

CHAS. E PUGH, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Gen'l Pass'ger Agt

HENRY ROSSMAN,

UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER,

TUSSEYVILLE, PA.

—o—

He keeps in stock a full line of Coffins, Caskets, Shrouds, Burial Robes, etc., etc.

o——o —o

Funerals attended with a very fine Hearse.

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MANHOOD
How Lost, How Restored

Just published, a new edition of

DR. CULVERWELL'S CELEBRATED ESSAY

on the radical cure of Spermatorrhoes or incapacity induced by excess or early indiscretion.

The celebrated author, in this admirable essay, clearly demonstrates from a thirty years' practice that the alarming consequences of early error may be radically cured: pointing out a mode of cure at once simple, certain, and effectual, by means of which every sufferer, no matter what his condition may be, may cure himself cheaply, privately and radically.

☞ This lecture should be in the hands o every youth and every man in the land.

Sent under seal, in plain envelope, to address post paid, on receipt of four cents or two postage stamps. Address,

Sample of medicine free.

HE CULVERWELL MEDICAL CO., 1a A nn St., New York, N. Y. Posffic e Box, 450

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Nc. 317 & 319 *Arch Street*, Philadelphia

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Your patronage respectfully solicited
JOS. M. FEGER, Proprietor

THE CRONIN TRIAL.

Witnesses Who Saw the Midnight Expedition.

SPELLMAN CONTRADICTS HIMSELF.

A Reticent and Reluctant Witness—The Testimony of Police Officers Corroborates Woodruff's Story of the Night Ride—Iceman O'Sullivan's Damaging Comments on the Crime.

CHICAGO, Nov. 5.—Edward Spellman, of Peoria, Ills., was the first witness called in the Cronin trial. He said he was a member of Great Eastern Distilling company. Witness evaded a direct answer to questions concerning his connection with the Clan-na-Gael and professed to have only hearsay knowledge of an organization by that name. He said he was a member of the United Brotherhood. The witness then went on to testify that he was district officer of District No. 16, embracing Illinois and Michigan. He said he was the highest officer in the district, and that his duties were laid down by the constitution.

As the examination of the witness proceeded it became evident that he was an unwilling witness and that his testimony was different from that he gave before the grand jury and from what the prosecution expected. He said he met Beggs on April 29, and he said the matter referred to in their correspondence, viz., that the proceedings of the trial committee had been read in a certain camp in violation of the rules, had been amicably settled.

Mr. Spellman then testified that he knew Dan Coughlin, who, with a man Kunze, had visited Peoria a year ago and presented a letter of introduction. He had no conversation with Coughlin about Dr. Cronin.

A Contradictory Witness.

This was in direct contradiction of Spellman's previous testimony, and he was asked by Mr. Longenecker if he had not sworn that Coughlin spoke to him about Dr. Cronin. There was a long wrangle over this question, which was finally allowed, and Mr. Spellman answered: "I said before the grand jury that in the conversation with Coughlin at Peoria that he said Cronin was a —— —— —, but, on reflection and on consultation with the other two men present, I sent my attorney to Chicago to notify the district attorney that I was mistaken. My attorney was unable to find Judge Longenecker, so I came myself specially to Chicago and notified Judge Longenecker and the other counsel that if they asked me that question on the stand I should have to deny it in order to do justice to my own self and to the facts. After I left the grand jury room and went home and slept I felt annoyed and troubled. I felt that I had possibly done a wrong to Mr. Coughlin, and I went immediately to Mr. Fallon's and Mr. Downs' and told them what I had sworn to before the grand jury, and that I was bothered about it. They said, 'Mr. Spellman, you have made a mistake; no such conversation took place.'"

O'Sullivan's Comments on the Murder.

Annie Farrar, a widow, and a former patron of O'Sullivan, the ice dealer, was called. She testified that O'Sullivan called at her house in May to see about taking ice. The widow spoke to the iceman about the finding of Cronin's body, and said: "It is something fearful to decoy a man away and murder him like that." To this O'Sullivan replied:

"They say he is a British spy and has given away the secrets of a certain order and if he did that he ought to be killed. He got no worse than he deserved."

S. S. Steib, an ex-policeman, testified that on the night of May 4 he was stationed at the corner of Copper and Fullerton streets. About half past 11 o'clock he noticed a horse and wagon, the latter containing a large trunk, being driven east on Fullerton street. There were three men in the wagon, but the witness was unable to say how they were dressed and, in fact, gave very little attention to the entire rig, as there was nothing suspicious about it or its occupants.

Witnesses of the Midnight Expedition.

Officer John A. Smith swore that on the night of May 4 he saw a long wagon containing a large box and three men hitched to a bay or dark colored horse, driving north on Clark street near Frederick street a few minutes after 12 o'clock. The men were dressed in dark clothes. One of the men wore a slouch hat and the driver, the smallest one of the three, a stiff hat. Just after pulling his box at 2 a. m. on the same night the witness noticed the same vehicle and men on Clark street, near Diversey street, driving south. The box was still in the wagon.

The body was dumped into the catch basin at Fifty-ninth street and Evanston avenue, about two miles from Frederick and Clark streets. From the place where the wagon was seen by Officers Steib and Riley to Frederick street is about a half hour's ride and from Frederick street to the lake, where the murderers first took the body, thence to the catch basin, and back to Diversey street, would require about two hours to drive over.

John Way, a special officer of Edgewater, testified to having seen them on the eventful night about 1 o'clock and within two blocks of the lake shore in Edgewater. The driver, the only one in the wagon, said he was looking for the lake shore drive. Witness told him he was off the track. Just then two men came up from the lake, the driver shouting to them as soon as he heard them, "This watchman says the drive is not this way." Witness gave the necessary direction and they drove off. The box was in the wagon.

BURKE IDENTIFIED.

The Carlsons Recognize Their Tenant in Court.

CHICAGO, Nov. 2.—After the shipping clerk, delivery man, and other employes of Revel's had testified the first important witness of the day, Annie Carlson, was placed on the stand. The witness then went on to state how on the 20th of March, while she was at the Carlson's, a man came to rent the cottage which stood near the house. He said his sister was to keep house for him, and that he had some furniture he wanted to move in at once. He gave his name as Frank Williams.

"Mrs. Carlson," asked the lawyer, "do you see that stranger in the court room now?"

"Yes sir."

"Will you point him out to the jury?"

"There he is." (The witness pointing directly to Martin Burke.)

"Do you mean Martin Burke, that man?" continued Mr. Mills, pointing to Burke again.

"Yes," replied the witness, and that ended her examination.

Coughlin's Negotiations with Sampson.

John C. Garrity, an ex-saloon keeper, was next called to corroborate the testimony "Maj." Sampson gave yesterday to the effect that he had been sent to Coughlin by witness and asked by Coughlin to "slug" Dr. Cronin. Garrity swore that Coughlin two years ago asked him if he thought Sampson would do a job for him. Witness asked of what the job consisted and was told by Coughlin that he wanted a man slugged in the neck with a club or bat. Witness saw Sampson and sent him to Coughlin.

On cross examination by Forrest witness said that he suggested to Coughlin that such slugging might kill the man upon which Coughlin replied it wouldn't matter much if it did.

For a Defense Fund.

CHICAGO, Nov. 4.—About 150 of the Clan-na-Gael enemies of Dr. Cronin attended a meeting in McCoy's hotel yesterday afternoon for the purpose of raising a defense fund for the men now on trial. Money to the amount of $386 was subscribed, and a committee appointed to solicit subscriptions. Arrangements were also made for the Manchester martyrs' celebration in Central Music hall, the proceeds of which will be turned over to the treasurer of the fund.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

President Harrison Issues His First Thanksgiving Day Proclamation.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 2.—The president has issued the following Thanksgiving proclamation:

A highly favored people, mindful of their dependence on the bounty of Divine Providence, should seek fitting occasion to testify gratitude and ascribe praise to Him who is the author of their many blessings. It behooves us then to look back with thankful hearts over the past year and bless God for His infinite mercy in vouchsafing to our land enduring peace, to our people freedom from pestilence and famine, to our husbandmen abundant harvests and to them that labor a recompense of their toil.

Now, therefore, I, Benjamin Harrison, president of the United States of America, do earnestly recommend that Thursday, the 28th day of this present month of November, be set apart as a day of national thanksgiving and prayer and that the people of our country, ceasing from the cares and labors of their working day, shall assemble in their respective places of worship and give thanks to God who has prospered us on our way and made our paths the paths of peace; beseeching Him to bless the day to our present and future good, making it truly one of thanksgiving for each united circle as for the nation at large.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington this first day of November, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and eighty-nine, and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and fourteenth.

(signed) BENJAMIN HARRISON.

To Remove Gen. Grant's Body.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 2.—Mr. George W. Childs said last night that the body of Gen. Grant will very probably be removed from its resting place in New York to West Point or Arlington cemetery. "Several years before Gen. Grant's death," said Mr. Childs, "he said that his military superior, Winfield Scott, was buried at West Point and he would like to lie there. He also expressed a wish that his wife might be buried at his side. At the time of Gen. Grant's death New York came quickly forward with its offer to provide a resting place. Now, however, influential Grand Army men have asked that the body be removed to Arlington and special arrangements have been made to allow of Mrs. Grant's being buried at the same place. United States army officers seem to prefer West Point. Within a few weeks I expect to see Mrs. Grant, and she will, of course, be the first to act."

The Spring Valley Strike Ended.

SPRING VALLEY, Ills., Nov. 4.—The strike of the Spring Valley coal miners is practically ended. The miners held a mass meeting in the opera house and instructed ex-Manager C. S. Devlin to communicate with President W. L. Scott with a view to getting the present contract modified and, if that is not possible, to get the best terms he can. Large numbers of the strikers have broken ranks and gone to work here during the last few days and the rest of the miners will probably soon follow suit. They are evidently anxious to go to work at the best terms they can get.

The Potomac Boundary Dispute.

HEATHSVILLE, Va., Nov. 1.—Gen. Joseph B. Seth, who was appointed by Governor Jackson to represent Maryland in the settlement of the question of the boundary between Maryland and Virginia at Hog island and near Hog island flats, in the Potomac river, and W. A. Jones, representing Virginia, and Henry P. Whiting, of the United States coast survey, met at Coon wharf, Va., but could not agree, and adjourned to meet in Baltimore Nov. 13.

A Body Found in the Woods.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 4.—The dead body of a man perhaps 40 years of age, of 190 pounds, 5 feet 11 inches tall, wearing black coat and vest and dark checked trousers, was found in Merriman's woods near Baltimore yesterday. There was a bullet hole in his head and a revolver in his hand. Letters in the pockets of the suicide indicate that he may be W. H. E. Low, of Lawrence, Mass. A carpenter's rule and squaring pencil were found also in the pockets.

Imaginary Warfare in West Virginia.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Nov. 4.—A reliable citizen, just arrived from the neighborhood of Lincoln county, where the alleged warfare exists, says that most of the reports sent out from Huntington and other points near there are purely imaginary. He says that people are not armed nor divided into factions and that McCoy and Haley are the only two persons killed at any time since the trouble began.

A Prominent Richmond Citizen Dead.

RICHMOND, Va., Nov. 5.—Capt. George A. Ainslie, one of the most prominent citizens of Richmond, is dead. He was ex-president of the chamber of commerce, ex-grand commander of the Knights Templar of Virginia, president of the Mechanics' institute and Democratic candidate for nomination for mayor at the last election.

Only One Man Was Killed.

LOUISVILLE, Nov. 5.—A gentleman who has just arrived here from Pineville says the reports that Judge Lewis and his party killed six of Howard's band in the last fight is incorrect. Only one man was killed.

THE BANK RESUMES.

The Conshohocken Bank Will Continue Business.

DRIFT FROM THE WRECKAGE.

Assets of the Cashier Discovered from which the Directors Hope to Realize $25,000—The Bank Will Be Reopened in a Few Days—No Assessment on the Stock.

CONSHOHOCKEN, Pa., Nov. 4.—The defalcation of William H. Cresson, the fugitive cashier of the Tradesmen's National bank of Conshohocken, has taken another turn and the directors say the bank will be reopened in a few days and all claims paid in full.

On Saturday they explored the contents of Cresson's private box in the vault and found $75,000 worth of life insurance all in force and mortgages for $2,000, stock in the Good Bros. Iron works to the value of $2,000 and $1,000 worth of stock in the Spring Garden Farmers' Market company of Philadelphia.

Suit Against the Fugitive.

They have entered suit against him as a fugitive for $80,000 and under this will attach every dollar of his effects. All of the life insurance policies are written as payable to his heirs or assigns except policies for $15,000 in Mrs. Cresson's favor. These will be converted into cash. The directors hope to realize $25,000 at the lowest possible calculation out of Cresson's securities, which they discovered Saturday.

Execution has been issued on State Treasurer Hart's judgment to cover the amount. All of Cresson's property with the exception of his gas and electric light stock is practicaly in the hands of the directors of the bank.

The directors intend to deposit in the bank $50,000 so as to avert the necessity of assessing the stock and reopen the business in a manner calculated to restore confidence in the concern.

The Coachman's Story.

How Cresson got out of Conshohocken, or whether he has left the place at all, is just as much a matter of conjecture as it was on Thursday. His coachman, Conrad Baumgard, seems to have been the last person to see him. That was at 4 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. Baumgard tells this story:

"Mr. Cresson came home from the bank about 3 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. I was just going away with my son at the time. I went with him to Rock Hill; returned right away. It was a little before 4 o'clock when I got back, and I met Mr. Cresson as he was coming out of the kitchen. Mrs. Cresson had gone into Philadelphia on the 1:30 train and I thought perhaps he wanted to go down to the station, so I asked him if he wanted his carriage. He said: 'No, I don't want the carriage,' and walked on toward the stable. Then turning to me he said, 'Conrad, if anybody calls for me tell them I have gone away and will not be back today. He then went into the stable and that is the last I saw of him. I did not drive him to Spring Mill, and I do not know how he got away. I noticed that he was not the same and that he seemed troubled, but I did not say anything to him about that.'

The Defalcation Discovered.

CONSHOHOCKEN, Pa., Oct. 31.—The Tradesmen's National Bank of Conshohocken is closed on account of the defalcation of the cashier, William Henry Cresson, whose shortage will exceed $50,000, and may approach $100,000.

This is the notice posted on the door of the Tradesmen's National Bank of Conshohocken:

To whom it may concern: This bank is closed in consequence of the defalcation of its cashier. The depositors will suffer no loss.

(Signed) JOHN A. RIGHTER,
JAWOOD LUKENS,
GEORGE W. WOOD,
GEORGE CORSON,
Directors.

The Defaulting Cashier.

The defaulting cashier is William Henry Cresson, than whom no one stood higher in financial, church and social circles in Conshohocken.

Your correspondent was on the scene a half hour before the defalcation had become known outside of banking circles, and people who were questioned for information refused to believe that there was the slightest ground for the rumor. They had heard nothing about it. "Pshaw! there can't be anything in it," they said. But the rumor soon spread in every part of the town, and the notice on the bank door confirmed the startling report. Depositors and others flocked about the establishment and read and reread the notice from the directors, and retired to the curb to discuss the matter.

THE FARMERS' CONGRESS.

Delegates Appointed to Represent Pennsylvania at Montgomery.

HARRISBURG, Nov. 2.—Governor Beaver has appointed the following delegates to attend the meeting of the national farmers' congress to be held at Montgomery, Ala., Nov. 13 to 15 next:

W. W. Parker, Parkersville; R. M. Harvey, Ward; J. Sexton, Spring House; Dr. J. S. Trexler, Kutztown; H. F. James, Franklin; Will B. Powell, Springboro; J. C. Thornton, Avonia; R. S. Searle, Montrose; G. C. Holcomb, Troy; H. C. Snavely, Lebanon; Calvin Cooper, Bird-in-Hand; C. D. Shock, Berks; E. Reder, New Hope; Julius Lemoyne, Washington; R. H. Sterling, Beaver; E. Y. Clopper, Greensburg; W. L. Nesbit, Lewisburg; N. F. Underwood, Lake Como; Thomas J. Edge, Harrisburg.

All the Regiment Are Marksmen.

SCRANTON, Pa., Nov. 4.—The Thirteenth regiment, national guard of Pennsylvania, has closed the marksmanship season with every man, including the venerable chaplain, Rev. Dr. Logan, qualified. The record shows 144 sharpshooters, a gain of 38 over last year, and 343 marksmen, a total of 487. Last year every man of the 466 in the regiment but the chaplain was qualified, a record unprecedented in the military of the United States, but this season puts the regiment still further in advance. All the other regiments of the Pennsylvania National guard have had the time for qualifying extended to Nov. 17 by order of Adj. Gen. Hastings.

Vaccine Inspector Appointed.

HARRISBURG, Nov. 2.—William A. Martin, of Delaware county, has been appointed vaccine inspector by Governor Beaver.

BE WISE!
BOOTS AND SHOES DRESSED WITH
Wolff's ACME Blacking
NEVER GET HARD AND STIFF,
Always look neat. Equally good for Men's, Women's or Child's Shoes. No blacking brush required, and the polishing is done in three minutes without labor.
WATERPROOF and warranted to preserve leather, and keeps it soft and durable.
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Try it on your Harness.
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1. AGRICULTURE (*Three Courses.*) and AGRICULTURAL CHEMISTRY; with constant illustrations on the Farm and in the Laboratory.
2. BOTANY and HORTICULTURE; theoretical and practical. Students taught original study with the microscope.
3. CHEMISTRY; with an unusually full and thorough course in the Laboratory.
4. CIVIL ENGINEERING; very extensive field practice with best modern instruments.
5. HISTORY; Ancient and Modern, with original investigation.
6. LADIES' COURSE IN LITERATURE and SCIENCE; Two years. Ample facilities for Music, vocal and instrumental.
7. LANGUAGE and LITERATURE; Latin (optional,) French, German and English (required,) one or more continued through the entire course.
8. MATHEMATICS and ASTRONOMY; pure and applied.
9. MECHANIC ARTS; combining shop work with study, three years' course; New building and equipment.
10. MECHANICAL ENGINEERING; theoretical and practical.
11. MENTAL, MORAL and POLITICAL SCIENCE; Constitutional Law and History, Political Economy, etc.
12. MILITARY SCIENCE; instruction theoretical and practical, including each arm of the service.
13. PHYSICS; Mechanics, Sound, Light, Heat, Electricity, etc., a very full course, with extensive Laboratory practice.
14. PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT; Two years—carefully graded and thorough.

Fall term opens September 12, 1889; Winter term, January 8, 1889, Spring term, April 4, 1889. For Catalogue and other information, address GEO. W. ATHERTON, LL.D., Prest., State College, Centre Co., Pa.

A VOICE from Ohio. Here is a portrait of Mr. Gerff, son, of Salem, Ohio. He writes: "Was at work on a farm for $20 a month; I now have an agency for E. C. Allen & Co's albums and publications and often make $20 a day." (Signed) W. H. GARRISON.

William Kline, Harrisburg, Pa., writes: "I have never known anything to sell like your album. Yesterday I took orders enough to pay me over $25." W. J. Elmore, Bangor, Me., writes: "I take an order for your album at almost every house I visit. My profits often as much as $20 for a single day's work." Others are doing quite as well; we have not space to give extracts from their letters. Every one who takes hold of this grand business piles up grand profits. **Shall we start YOU in this business,** reader? Write to us and learn all about it for yourself. We are starting many; we will start you if you don't delay until another gets ahead of you in your part of the country. If you take hold you will be able to pick up gold fast. ☞ **Read**—On account of a forced manufacturer's sale **125,000 ten dollar Photograph Albums** are to be sold to the people for $2 each. Bound in Royal Crimson Silk Velvet Plush, Charmingly decorated insides. Handsomest albums in the world. Largest Size. Greatest bargains ever known. Agents wanted. Liberal terms. Big money for agents. Any one can become a successful agent. Sells itself on sight—little or no talking necessary. Wherever shown, every one wants to purchase. Agents take thousands of orders with rapidity never before known. Great profits await every worker. Agents are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men. You, reader, can do as well as any one. Full information and terms **free**, to those who write for same, with particulars and terms for our Family Bibles, Books and Periodicals. After you know all, should you conclude to go no further, why no harm is done.

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This is your opportunity. **A new departure.** SILKS direct from the manufacturers to **you.** Our reduced prices bring the best goods within reach of all. We are the only manufacturers in the U. S. selling **direct to consumers.** You take no risk. We warrant every piece of goods as represented, or money refunded. See our references. We are the oldest Silk Manufacturers in the U.S. Established in 1838, with over 50 years' experience. We guarantee the **CHAFFEE DRESS SILKS,** for richness of color, superior finish and wearing qualities, to **be unexcelled by any make of Black Silks in the world.** We offer these Dress Silks in Gros Grains, Satins, Surahs, Faille Francaise and Aida Cloths, in Blacks only.

Send us a 2c. stamp (to pay postage) and we will forward you samples of all our styles free with prices, and you can see for yourselves.

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Terms reasonable. Good sample rooms on first floor.

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The traveling community will find this hotel equal to any in the county in every respect, for man and beast, and charges very moderate. Give it a trial
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Special rates to witnesses and jurors.
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FOR SUMMER BOARDERS AND TRAN IENT CUSTOM.
Good Table, healthy locality pure mountain water, surrounded by finest natural scenery in the state. Schools and churches convenient. Terms very reasonable. 16aug tf

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Attorney-at-Law,
Office in old Conard building, Bellefonte.

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
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Office N. W. corner Diamond, two doors from first national bank. jan87

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Special attention to collections; practice in all the courts; Consultation in German and English

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Office on second floor of Furst's new building north of Court House. Can be consulted in English or German. 7 n'y84

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Attorney-at-Law.
Office with D. S. Keller, Esq., North side of High street.

BECKER'S Patent Washing Machine Improved, approaches nearer the old method of hand rubbing than any device yet introduced to the public. Easily worked and washes perfectly clean. Circulars free. Agents Wanted. N. C. BAUGHMAN, 24may York, Pa.

THIS IS THE season of the **BEST** year in which to purchase a Black Silk or Satin Dress. It is adapted to so many uses for which ladies require a becoming and handsome dress; for house wear, as hostess or guest, make calls, attend church, receptions, weddings, parties, lectures, amusements and entertainments of all kinds. A good Black Silk or Satin Dress retains its beauty and fine appearance many years, outlasting and out-wearing half-a-dozen ordinary dresses.

A GREAT many are now looking around to see what to give as a

CHRISTMAS,

BIRTHDAY or *NEW YEAR PRESENT.* In many cases it is the intention to present the wife of an officer, pastor, or a lady teacher with something handsome, tasty, and beautiful. To all such we say send us 2-cent stamp and *GET OUR SAMPLES* and prices, you will soon be convinced that a Black Silk or Satin Dress is just what you have **BEEN LOOKING FOR.**

Everybody we sell to is as well satisfied as the following parties:

FALL RIVER, Mass. Dec. 4, 1888.

Have just received from the express office the two silk dress patterns. Both my friend and myself are delighted with the goods and the beautiful braid and fine silk enclosed with the dresses. You have been generous and honorable in the sale. Shall do all I can to introduce your silk and braid.
Yours respectfully, MRS. M. J. CONANT NEILL.

OFFICE OF BIBLICAL RECORDER,
RALEIGH, N. C., Dec. 17, 1888.

MESSRS. O. S. CHAFFEE & SON:

Dear Sirs—The package of silk for my wife came safely and soundly to hand to-day. She is delighted with it and pleased that you were so prompt and generous with her. I highly appreciate the compliment myself, and enclose check for the $25.60.
With very best wishes, C. T. BAILEY.

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O. S. CHAFFEE & SON, Mansfield Centre Conn.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—Samuel W. Miller, Cashier of the American Bank, in Findlay, Ohio, was stabbed, probably fatally, by W. Stokes, his father-in-law, on the evening of the 27th. Stokes has been acting strangly for some time. and it is thought that he was out of his mind. About two weeks ago a man named Bernier killed his mother-in-law in Lexington, North Carolina, and on being captured he was lynched. Governor Fowle urged Solicitor Long to discover the lynchers, and, on Long's affidavit, 20 of the lynchers have been arrested. Some of the ringleaders have fled. Frederick Merrill, while drunk, in Bridgeport, Connecticut, on the evening of the 26th, beat and choked his wife in a savage manner. She died in the hospital on the morning of the 28th. Joseph Hoffman, a burglar, while trying to break into the house of William Kohns, in Mount Joy, Penna., early on the morning of the 27th, was shot through the left lung by Kohns and is in the hospital at Lancaster supposed to be dying.

—Edward Blunt, a well-known young lawyer and owner of racehorses, was on the afternoon of the 28th shot and seriously wounded in a saloon in Washington by George Mantz, a political worker in Maryland. The men met by chance. and Mantz called Blunt away from his companions to the rear end of the place. Here a quarrel arose, and Blunt was seen retreating with a large pocket knife in his hand, followed by Mantz. Blunt's friends induced him to leave the place. As they were going out Blunt glanced back and saw that Mantz was still close to him. He told Mantz if attacked he would use the knife, and the next instant Mantz had drawn a revolver and began firing. One shot took effect in Blunt's right hip and another in his side. The cause of the quarrel is not stated.

—Beyond the washing away of the Cambria Iron Company's railroad bridge no damage has yet been done by the flood at Johnstown. The only public bridge across the Conemaugh is in a bad condition and liable to go in the event of an increase of the flood. Woodvale is "considerably flooded," but no serious damage is reported. A steady rain and high waters on the 28th prevented the continuance of the search for bodies in Stony creek.

—A train bearing the Railroad Commissioners of Massachusetts collided with another going in the same direction, near Ballardvale, on the 28th. Several cars were wrecked, but no person was injured.

—A fast freight train on the Pennsylvania Railroad jumped the track in Rahway, New Jersey, on the evening of the 28th. Several persons who were waiting for the train to pass were injured by the flying debris, three of them fatally. One car ran down Main street and into the residence of John Weldon, tearing it away, and stopping when it reached the parlor. Mr. Weldon's family narrowly escaped. Fifteen loaded cars were wrecked. The tracks and road bed were torn up, and the accident, it was said, would delay travel for twelve hours.

—John Clements and Andrew Da Costa had a fight at Mendocino, California, on the 28th. Clements was killed and Da Costa fatally injured. They were woodmen and used axes as weapons. In a quarrel among railroad laborers, at Pottsville, Pa., on the 28th, John Attis was fatally stabbed by Bassalo Coffoni. Attis had just sent to Italy for his wife and six children.

—Rube Burrows, the noted desperado and train robber, at last accounts was still at large in Blount county, Alabama. The Governor on the 28th, sent the Sheriff 20 picked men to assist in the pursuit, and an effort is benig made to secure more bloodhounds.

—In 1883, on May 9, a widow named Foreman, aged 75 years and her daughter, aged 58, were found murdered near Traders' Point, ten miles from Indianapolis. They were known to be wealthy, and, as no money was found on the premises, robbery was supposed to have been the motive for the murders. There was no positive clue to the murderers, but relatives of the victims were suspected. Several day ago Mrs. W. H. Maybaum, whose husband has been for about three months in a lunatic asylum, said that he told her that he and companions, whose names he would not use, commited the murders and that he had got $450 for his share of the crime. On the 28th the Grand Jury heard Joseph Cassidy, of Brownsburg who says that Kate Weaver and her aged father saw the murderers come from the house and recognized them. The murderers intimidated the Weavers, who have kept the secret for six years.

—E. D. Matthews, who says he is a Baptist preacher, and who has been assistant tax collector of Pike county, Georgia, is under arrest in Atlanta, charged with appropriating $1700 of the county's money, which he asserts was stolen from him. On the 25th, James Marr, the colored janitor of the Mercantile Bank in Kansas City, Missouri, was sent to the vault after a set of books. Since that time the bank's cash account has shown a deficit of $1500. On the 29th the janitor was arrested on suspicion of having stolen the amount. He confessed to the crime, and took the detectives to a Main street jewelry store, where he had left the money. The entire amount was recovered, excepting $8, which the thief had spent.

—At Belle Vernon, Pa., on the evening of the 28th, Jesse M. Bowells had his skull fractured by a stone thrown by Captain Decatur Adams, a well-known steamboat man. The men quarrelled over a freight bill.

—A passenger train on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad collided with a freight train, near Council Bluffs, Iowa, on the evening of the 28th. The engines telescoped, and the express, baggage and smoker were burned. James Hullen, the engineer on the passenger, was killed, and an Italian named Ansol Gilott, was burned in the wreck. James Opey, travelling engineer of the Milwaukee road; S. W. Stewart, express messenger; James Ryan and Grennio Coschgnano were slightly injured. The engineer and fireman on the freight, and the fireman on the passenger, jumped before the trains came together, and escaped with a few bruises.

—The great dam near Rockaway, Morris county, New Jersey, has been declared unsafe by engineers. The owners are endeavoring to strengthen the dam, but the residents in the vicinity demand that the water be drawn off and the necessary alterations be made in a substantial manner.

—Two west-bound freight trains on the Erie railroad were wrecked on the evening of the 29th near Otisville, New York. Both tracks were blocked. The wreck caught fire, cutting off telegraphic communication. Samuel Sloat, of Middletown, was killed, and several others were injured. While Mrs. J. Ellis was out driving in Denver, Colorado, on the evening of the 28th, the team ran away and collided with a cable car. She was thrown completely over the car, landing on her head on the track on the other side. She was fatally injured. Simon Barney, engineer, and James Moyles, fireman, were killed on the 29th by the bursting of a mine boiler at Archibald, Penna. One of the large pulp grinders in the paper plant near Appleton, Wisconsin, burst on the 28th and killed Frank Clark, Superintendent of the works.

—A second attempt to kill Deputy U. S. Marshal Hager was made in Raleigh county, West Virginia, on the evening of the 28th. He attended a corn-husking, and while eating supper a man named Boal shot him three times with a revolver. One shot took effect in his left cheek, another entered the breast about two inches above the heart, and the third lodged in the left arm. The shot in the breast will probably cause his death.

—A telegram from Barbourville confirms the report that Judge Lewis has full control in Harlan, Kentucky, and says the Howard outlaws, "who constitute a small part of an extensive family," are leaving the county. Lewis has 65 men, who are paid $2 a day by the county. He was sent out under Governor Buckner's direction, he claims, and disarmed everybody he could reach. He says "he will not stop till peace is fully restored."

—In the Seminole Indian Nation, a few days ago, Robert Reed and a Creek Indian named Wiley were deputized to arrest a negro horse thief named Brunner, and upon his firing at them shot him dead. Five of the dead man's friends, all negroes, then lay in ambush for the officers and assassinated them. Sergeant T. C. Baron, 13th Regiment, U. S. A., was shot and fatally wounded at Guthrie, Indian Territory, on the evening of the 28th, by Charles Taylor, a butcher. Taylor was set upon in a house of ill-repute by a party of soldiers and badly beaten. In escaping he drew his revolver and fired the fatal shot.

—The first snow of the season at Denver, Colorado, began falling on the morning of the 29th, and at noon was seven inches deep.

—The train wreck at Otisville, on the Erie Railroad, on the evening of the 29th ult., was more serious than at first reported. The engine and 24 cars were wrecked. Samuel J. Sloat was killed, and Levi Brierly died on the morning of the 30th ult.; from his injuries. Three other train hands were badly injured. A passenger train and freight train on the Norfolk and Western Railroad collided on the evening of the 29th ult., near Liberty Station, Virginia. Two train men were killed and two injured. Both engines and five cars were wrecked.

—A freight train on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad ran into the rear of the Chicago limited express on the evening of the 30th ult., near Beaver Falls, Pa. A brakeman named Reeters was killed and Engineer Dougherty and Fireman Carr were badly injured. Some of the passengers received slight injuries.

A limited vestibule train on the Lake Shore road was wrecked at Wawaka, Indiana, on the morning of the 30th ult., The whole train was thrown on its side and had all the trucks torn off. The St. Joseph 'cannon ball" train on the Rock Island Road, ran into the rear of the Denver express, at Seneca, Illinois, on the evening of the 29th ult. Several cars were wrecked. Two passengers and an engineer were hurt. One of the boilers of the Bellaire blast furnace, at Bellaire, Ohio, exploded on the morning of the 30th ult, causing damage to the mill and adjoining buildings estimated at $200,000. Two other boilers were cracked, the boiler-room was wrecked and one end of the nail factory was demolished. No person was injured. A portable boiler on a farm near Hamlet, Indiana, burst on the 30th ult., killing Adam Mann and severely scalding five others.

—Five Chinese lepers were shipped home from San Francisco on the 29th ult. on a Hong Kong steamer. Among them was Chin Tien, aged 26 years, who was sent to San Francisco from New York, where he had been employed as a cook for laborers on the Croton aqueduct work.

—Thirty tramps were arrested on the 30th ult., between Reading and Lebanon, and sent to jail in those two cities and Harrisburg. For months past the Lebanon Valley has been overrun with tramps and numerous crimes have been committed. A large quantity of stolen goods was found in possession of the prisoners.

—The first conviction under the Kansas prohibitory law for the sale of hard cider was secured in Topeka on the 29th ult.

—The bank of Abilene, in Abilene, Kan., which closed its doors on the 28th ult., has begun to make settlement of its affairs. On the 27th ult. $100,000 worth of real estate was turned over to the heaviest local depositors, who accepted it in full settlement for that amount of claims. Real estate to the amount of $50,000 was accepted by foreign creditors upon similar conditions. The liabilities are $420,000. The assets will not exceed the amount first published, $650,000, mostly in real estate.

—The Indiana State Board of Agriculture had advices from many of the northern and northwestern counties saying that hog cholera is epidemic, and that hundreds of hogs are dying daily, and the disease is steadily increasing. In Steuben county it has assumed such proportions that some farmers have lost every hog on their farms, and there are but few who have not lost from 90 to 75 per cent. of their stock. It is especially fatal in hogs that have been put up for fattening. No remedies appear to have any effect, and all attempts to stop the spread of the disease have failed.

—George Koch kept a bakery on River street, in Paterson, New Jersey, Passing the shop of a rival on the morning of the 30th ult., he deliberately picked up a basket of bread and tried to carry it off. Being pursued, he ran to the river, sprang in, and held his head under the surface until he was suffocated. He leaves a family.

—A telegram from Birmingham, Alabama, says: "The result of the chase after Rube Burrows and his party in Blount county is two dead deputies and one dead bloodhound. The outlaws have escaped, the chase has been abandoned, and all hands have returned home."

—A 6-year-old daughter of Mrs. Sullivan was choked to death by swallowing a toy balloon in Cincinnati on the 31st ult. Early on the morning of the 31st ult., the Chicago, Santa Fe and California vestibule train was derailed near Carrollton, Missouri, by the spreading of a rail. All the cabes except the dining and sleeping cars were thrown from the track. Nearly everyone in the smoking car was injured. An expressman in the baggage car was fatally hurt by being crushed under a falling safe. Thomas Beck, of Kasas City, was also fatally injured. About 15 others were injured, four severely. Two coal trains on the Reading Railroad collided at Aramingo Station, on the morning of the 31st ult. Albert Lord, fireman, was badly hurt. Eighteen loaded cars were wrecked.

—A large brick dwelling in course of erection in Passaic City, New Jersey, tumbled down on the afternoon of the 31st ult., burying 16 workmen. All were injured, the following severely: Richard Cormick, John Nash, Jno. Ellison, Louis Fordridge, of Washington, and Simon Mackette, of Baltimore. Cormick's recovery is doubtful. The boiler of a steam thresher exploded on the morning of the 31st ult. near Grafton, Dakota, killing Israel Sheppard, the owner. The engineer, fireman and another man were dangerously wounded. A coal train on the Illinois and Indiana Southern Road was ditched near Sullivan, Indiana, by a broken rail, on the 31st ult. Engineer W. Evans was killed, and an unknown tramp was fatally hurt.

—While Adolph Rice and Louis Heck were working on the dome of a building in Evansville, Indiana, on the 31st ult., the rope of the scaffold on which they were standing broke, and both men were precipated to the ground. Rice was killed and Heck probably fatally injured.

—George A. Brackett, who has just returned to Minneapolis from an extended trip in Ramsey county, North Dakota, says that he failed to find a family that was really in need of the necessaries of life. He believes that the people in that section are suffering more from mortgage sharks than from failure of crops. He says that they are compelled to pay from 80 to 100 per cent. per annum for loans. He proposes a trust company, to loan money at 10 per cent. per annum.

—Alexander Harris, the absconder from Milford, Delaware, was taken before Justice Prindiville, in Chicago, on the morning of the 31st ult. His partner in the fight remained at the Central Station. When searched by the police nearly $10,000 in cash was found upon Harris. He confessed judgements in the Circuit Court for sums aggregating almost that amount. Later in the day he was released on a habeas corpus. E. P. Smith, a cattle broker, was arrested in New York on the evening of the 31st ult. on the charge of stealing $2500 from Hubbard, Price & Co., of the Cotton Exchange in Memphis, Tennessee. Smith claims that the charge against him is a trumped up one.

—While crazed by hunger Mrs. Mary Born tried to kill her mother and a 6-year-old son in their miserable apartments in New York on the morning of the 21st ult. The intervention of neighbors prevented the tragedy. For three weeks past the woman has been ill. She was too poor to engage a physician and too busy to spare the time to go to a free dispensary, having three children and their grandmother to provide for. Her husband is in a hospital, suffering from an incurable disease. Mrs. Born was taken to Bellevue Hospital, where the husband said she became a maniac through lack of of food. Mrs. Born is 27 years old. Her husband, who is a Frenchman, is 32 years of age.

—It is reported from Pineville, Kentucky, that Judge Lewis came up with the Howard gang on the 30th, ult. at Martin's Fork, "and killed six of the Howard gang without losing a man." William Boston and William McCreary had a fight near Homesville Chester county, Pa., on the evening of the 30th ult., during which McCreary was fatally stabbed. Benjamin Strawler and Frank Nourse, aged about 16 years, went hunting for coons, near Lima, O., on the evening of the 30th ult. They disposed of a half pint bottle of whisky and then quarrelled. Nourse hit Strawler on the head with an axe, inflicting a fatal wound.

—Jesse M. Bowell, whose skull was crushed by a boulder thrown by Captain Decatur Abrams, at Belle Vernon, Pa., on the evening of the 28th ult., died on the afternoon of the 31st ult. Patrick Hughes was fatally shot by Martin Schultz, at Scranton, on the afternoon of the 31st ult. He entered the house of Schultz and demanded money from his 12-year-old daughter. She called her father, who tried to force the ruffian from the house. Hughes drew a knife on Schultz and was fired at by the latter.

My Lady Sweet.

Oh you should see her whom I love
My Lady Sweet,
Such loveliness her face doth wear.
I *know* it is beyond compare,
To me she seems one from above.
Rare Lady Sweet.

And you should hear my dear one sing,
My Lady Sweet,
Such music from her soul doth swell,
To learn its tone, from sky and dell,
Come song birds, charmed, on rapid wing,
To Lady Sweet.

And oh, so gracious is her mein,
My Lady Sweet's,
She knows my heart is all her own.
Yet so serene doth wear her crown;
She doth disclaim she is My Queen,
Dear Lady Sweet.

HOW MISS STRONG KEPT THANKSGIVING.

MRS. A. M. PAYNE.

Miss Matilda Strong sat in her prim little parlor one afternoon in late October, knitting. It was quite a warm day, and the window was open, and Miss Strong, was enjoying the spicy air which seemed filled with odors of ripe fruit and late flowers. The asters were still bright, and the golden-rod was not quite ready for frost.

Miss Strong had seen forty-five Octobers, and the mild beauty of the autumn day made her think of it. She had been "little Tilda" among a family of brothers and sisters, then "Miss Tilda" when the rest had married and gone, and now she was "Miss Strong" sometimes even "old Miss Strong" alone in her own rooms.

She had secured a tenant for the best part of the old home stead but still kept three rooms on the South side. In her cupboard there stood a plate and cup and saucer, which were used by her at her daily meals. She did not often have company for she lived alone when she was at home, but that was not very often. Because she was very much in demand. She was known the length and breadth of the village for her kindness in times of trouble, and her counsel was sought by old and young.

But when the sick had been ministered to, the brides dressed, or the dead buried, Miss Strong, came back to her home by herself, and sometimes she was very lonely indeed.

She was thinking a little sadly about all this, when a bright maple leaf from a tree outside fluttered in through the window, and settled on her lap, turning her thoughts quite in another direction.

"Thanksgiving is almost here," sure enough, she said, half aloud "and I must gather some maple leaves before they are quite gone. How I wish I could have a good old-fashioned Thanksgiving."

Then she sighed. "Quite out of the question of course," with John's children in Florida, and Will and his wife, in Colorado.

"Turkey and cranberry sauce would be out of place here with no one to eat it." There was another sigh as she rolled up her knitting, and put on her shade hat to go out and collect the leaves.

They were so bright and tempting, golden and red and brown, and the air was so wonderfully fresh, that as often happens, circumstances began to look brighter. After a few minutes Miss Strong was thinking how much she had to be thankful for, and that it was her duty to express this thankfulness in some way. Now, upstairs, in an old bureau drawer there were some silver dollars laid by from time to time, because "somebody might want help," and when the turkey and cranberry sauce were out of the question, Miss Strong thought of this.

"I would like to make a real happy Thanksgiving, for somebody," she said to herself, and then there was a sudden whirl of bright leaves which made her forget everything in a chase after them, and half an hour later she came into her house with her apron full. A few days after this, she went over to the widow Lane's to see her son, who had been ill, and she found the boy sitting in an arm chair by the window, "the first time in six weeks," his mother explained.

The mother's face was radiant. You cannot think how thankful I am Miss Strong, "she said," to see him sitting there. It was bad enough to have Mary so far away, working herself to death in a factory, and sending me half her wages; but when John took sick I pretty near broke down. He has talked about Mary all the time, and even now, before he can really sit up he keeps it up. I do believe if she could only come home for Thanksgiving, he would get right up again. But that would take four precious dollars, so we must not think of it.

"Ma is going to write to Mary, today," said the boy in a feeble voice.

"Yes, I told her I would write the very first day he could sit up. I told her all about your kindness, and she said she would never forget it."

Miss Strong only stayed a few minutes, for she had another call to make, and moreover a bright thought had come into her mind. Perhaps it would be more truthful to say, it had been sent into her heart by one of those messengers who bring such thoughts.

"Why not make a Thanksgiving at the Widow Lane's, with four of the precious dollars."

She thought it over for several days, and so it happened that poor tired Mary Lane, returning to her room after her day's toil, found a letter there with money enclosed and an invitation to spend Thanksgiving at home. How happy she was!

The din of the machinery which she thought was never absent from her ears, was unheard, and she sat down to her solitary supper of bread and milk with a light heart.

One day a week later, Miss Strong, had a call from Jennie Adam's, the ministers young daughter. Jennie was always a welcome visitor for she was merry and loveable, but to-day she had very little to say. She came to bring a report of Foreign missions her father had sent, and then she sat down by the fire and did not speak.

"What's happened in your world, Jennie?" asked Miss Strong.

"Oh, nothing much, but I don't see the use of living sometimes. Papa would say that was wicked, but if you can't have what you need, what is the good."

Miss Strong, with her kindly tact, soon discovered the great difficulty—a stumbling block, which to Jennie's young feet was as tremendous as a more serious difficulty to older people.

It seems she had been taking a few lessons in painting, and now her teacher had told her that with a proper collection of materials, she would develop into an artist if she gave her whole attention to patient study.

"But it is no use," sighed Jennie, papa says it is quite impossible, to get the first outfit which will be two dollars and a half, He says, after he has baught Johnny's shoes and Maud's school-books, and Lizzie's water-proof, there will not be money enough to have meat for breakfast, and yet "Miss Strong," went on the girl excitedly, we enjoy books and papers, nice silver and table linen, and warm furs, just as much as Judge William's on the hill, who says papa's salary is too big. What is the reason ministers tastes are so large, and their salaries so small?

Miss Strong smiled, and then she said quietly. "The Lord want His messengers to be of the highest type of manhood."

There was no reply to be made to this, of course Jennie thought a little bitterly, that after all Miss Strong did not sympathize with her; but if she could have seen her the next day turning over catalogues of painting materials, she would have changed her mind. They proved a great puzzle, however, and finally she concluded that the merchant knew better how to choose, than she did, so she sent the two dollars and a half to a distant city, for a "beginners outfit of oil materials."

There were still three shining dollars left, and they remained in their hiding place until a day or two before Thanksgiving. Miss Strong, had been to the regular monthly meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Society, which was quite as important as its long name seemed to imply, and she was hurrying home in the early twilight with her shawl drawn closely about her, when her face was arrested by two boys in front of her who were walking slowly with their hands thrust into their pockets.

"I think ma might have got a chicken, anyhow," said the younger of the two.

"Well Bob, it can't be helped. I'm jolly glad the strike is over and pa at work again."

"Yes, but Joe, if the strike had not been we would have had a turkey, and pa did not cause the strike. Thing's are not right somehow."

"Well, it cannot be helped. I am going to work next week. I cannot stay in school any longer." I heard somebody say. "There goes Jim Larkin's; what a lazy fellow!" They shan't say it any more. "I'm sorry I've got to give up school—ma cried about it—but it cannot be helped."

Miss Strong knew the speaker. She knew that the tired looking woman she had seen in the corner grocery was the mother who had cried, and she saw an opportunity for another Thanksgiving.

So it came to pass that, Miss Strong's purchases at the corner store the next day were so extensive, that one clerk winked to another and asked him if he had a "bid" to Miss Strong's party. But when the basket full was ordered to the Larkin's house, he changed his tone and told Miss Strong in a very deferential way, that it should be sent immediately, and everything should be according to her order including the cranberries and mince-meat for a pie.

There was just enough money left for a little chicken for Miss Strong's own dinner.

But then her oven was not large enough for anything else, and she did not eat mince pie, so on Thanksgiving morning she put her little chicken in the stove, and went off to church.

But she was waylaid by Mrs. Lane at the end of the street, who was holding her apron up to her eyes and crying for joy—the way all women do—for Mary Lane, had just got home, and they would never forget it, and Jim was so bright this morning, and as the weather was mild he was going to try to walk a short distance with Mary, and Mary was so happy.

But Miss Strong could not stop for more as the bell had ceased to ring, but she took a warm heart with her into church. No sooner had she taken her seat, than a hand was slipped into hers, and she found the happy eyes of Jenny looking into hers. "It came last night Miss Strong," she whispered, "You are a dear, good woman." "Nobody else would have cared."

"Hush," she said, for the minister was beginning the service, but she found that the happy face beside her did her as much good as the sermon.

"Now," said Jennie, as they rose to leave the church, "you are going with us."

"Going where?" demanded Miss Strong. "Home to dinner of course; mother sent you a note."

I did not receive it Jennie, and my chicken is roasting said Miss Strong.

"Then I will go and take it out, while you walk over to our house."

But Miss Strong wished to do this herself, and Jennie went with her. When she reached the door Joe Larkins stood there.

He touched his cap. "Please, Miss Strong," he said, "mother does not know what to say, she is so glad."

"Never mind, Joe, it is all right," replied Miss Strong laughing, "go home and get your dinner."

"But please, Miss Strong, mother says if she can do anything for you any time, to let her know."

"All right Joe, I am glad you are pleased. Tell your mother she deserves her dinner—now Jennie."

But Jennie stood still. "How many people have you made happy to-day, Miss Strong "she said," I met Mary Lane this morning coming home for a holiday through your generosity, and there is my precious painting outfit, and now it is the Larkin's."

"It did not take much money to make the happiness Jennie," said Miss Strong.

"It took lots of heart," replied Jennie.

Miss Strong, dined with the minister's family on turkey and cranberry sauce, and because she did not eat mince-pie, she had a banana.

Girls Who Paint.

I was the other afternoon in the park, and was looking at the ladies driving in their carriages. A considerable number of them had endeavored to "improve" their complexions, and, what is more curious, the young ones seem to have done so even more than the elderly ones. Now, admitting that to paint the face be desirable, it ought at least to be well done, particularly when the painting has to stand the test of sunlight. I never saw faces worse painted.

An American girl paints from her childhood upward, and by the time that she goes over to London to be presented at court and to take part in such other functions so dear to the young republican, she has acquired a mastery of her art. So again with French women. They know how to paint. But English girls know as little about it as savages. The white that they daub on their faces looks blue in daylight; their rouge becomes a pale magenta; the black line that they draw round their eyes gives their orbs a bead like, expressionless air; the red that they put on their lips assumes a brownish tint and darkens their teeth, and their attempts to better their eyebrows generally end in making one different from the other. —*London Truth.*

A Novel Equipage.

M. Nantet, the Belgian author, just made the trip from Brussels to Paris in a phaeton drawn by two dogs. He was seven days on the road, but he thinks his dogs could easily make the journey in much less time. He drove all the way, unless when there was a steep hill to climb. At a place called Louvroil the Mayor heard he had come into the town, and informed him that his equipage came within the reach of the Grammont Law for the Protection of Animals. "Very well," answered the Belgian, who was preparing to start, and he ordered the dogs to get into the phaeton and sit on the seat, while he drew them. They obeyed and stayed there until they were beyond the bounds of the commune, when they descended to be harnessed. These industrious animals are of average size and strength. When at an inn their master used to unharness them and take them with him into the coffee room, where they rested at his feet.

His Own Surgeon.

An old man in Biddeford, Me., has suffered much from what seemed to be an outgrowth from a bad corn on the bottom of his foot, but which the physicians say was dry gangrene. The foot would have been amputated long ago had the doctors not feared that the sufferer, who is 80 years old, would die under the operation. The pain, however, became so intolerable that the gritty old gentleman decided to do the amputating himself. Accordingly, while alone in the house, he took out his knife and cut four of the toes off. Later, finding that the remaining toe bothered him in bandaging his foot, he cut that off also. A few days later, his sufferings not having abated, he cut into the foot, below the instep, with a razor, broke off several bones, and pulled them out. A doctor has since relieved him of the offending member, and he is now able to walk about with a crutch.

From recent experiments it appears that the use of wetted coal causes a loss of 14 per cent. This is contrary to current supposition that wetting increases the heating power of coal.

Felices.

We count them happy who have richly known
The sweets of life, the sunshine on the hills,
The mosses in the valley, love that fills
The heart with tears as fragrant as thine own,
O tender moonlight lily, over-blown,
When the inevitable season wills,
By gentle winds beside thy native rills—
We count them happy, yet not these alone.

There is a Crown of Thorns, Way of the Cross,
Consuming Fire that burns the spirit pure,
By lustre of the gold set free from dross,
By light of Heaven sent best through earth's obscure,
By the exceeding gain that waits on loss—
Behold, we count them happy who endure.
—*Katharine Lee Bates.*

IN MORTAL FEAR.

The road was a strip of unlighted blackness. How Mr. Wetwore kept from driving into the ditch was a mystery to Ed. Crosby.

He sat on the back seat, under which his trunk reposed, with folded arms and closed eyes, thinking vindictive things of the doctor who had ordered him out of the city after his malarial attack, and not less wrathful ones of his Aunt Harriet, who had known somebody who had once spent a summer with the Wetmores in Meriden, and who had bundled her good-looking nephew thither.

"That's the cider-mill," said Mr. Wetmore, his voice sounding ghostlike in the darkness. "Our house ain't fur now."

He seemed to be leading up to somethink, and it came presently.

"That air thing you got there, long and narrer and bigger to one end,', he observed—"what might it be?"

"My gun case," Ed rejoined.

Mr. Wetmore filled a pause with peculiar coughs.

"Loaded?" he queried.

"Yeup," his passenger yawned. "Any shooting around here?"

"Don' know much 'bout shooting," Mr. Wetmore rejoined.

It struck Ed that his voice was tremulous.

He had halted his horses. A light fell from a window down a board walk. Ed swung his long legs to the ground and opened the gate.

"Jared and me'll fetch in your trunk," said Mr. Wetmore, still somewhat unsteadily, "if you'll take keer o' that—that gun-case o' yourn."

Ed gathered it up and got himself to the door.

The oldish and angular woman he had anticipated did not greet him.

The door was opened by a person not old, but in the neighborhood of twenty; not angular, but slender and rounded as to cheeks and arms.

Moreover, the person had black eyes, a sweet, red mouth, and a dimple in each cheek.

"Mr. Crosby," she said, "we have been waiting supper for you. I am Milly Keller, Mr. Wetmore's niece. Mrs. Wetmore's away on a visit, and I'm temporary housekeeper. This is my cousin, Jared Wetmore."

Jared shook hands. Long, awkward and sharp-nosed was Jared, like his father.

But Ed was not keenly alive to Jared's points; he had bowed low to Jared's cousin, and continued looking at her. His glumness had fled. He warmly smiling.

"I am happy to meet you!" he declared—who would likely have scoffed at the idea of being happy to meet any native of Meridan whatsoever.

Tea was ready. Tea in the kitchen would have exasperated him; now it seemed a unique and delightful arrangement.

"I am so sorry," he began, mendaciously, "that the darkness prevented my seeing the town."

"Meriden is pretty," said Miss Keller, pouring the tea; "but very small, you know. I'm afraid you'll find it dull here."

"Dull!" the boarder repeated.

He could not so much as imagine it.

"We have picnics, and 'festivals,' and things," said Miss Keller, dimpling with a deprecating smile; "but they aren't exciting."

"I don't want excitement," Ed protested.

The biscuits were fine, and the ham and eggs delicious; but he knew the cause of his content lay deeper.

How bright she was, and how pretty!

"I'll have some more ham, Milly," said Jared, pausing, with his knife in the air.

Ed looked at him—glared, rather.

It struck him that Jared's tone was one of proprietorship.

Jared!—big handed, cowhide-shod! Great Scott!

Jared escorted him back to the sitting-room. Mr. Wetmore was in a straight backed chair by the table, his glasses on his nose and a religious periodical in his hands.

"Don't you want your supper, Uncle Elias?" his niece cried from the kitchen.

Uncle Elias looked up solemnly.

"Mebbe I'll get a bite bime-by," he muttered.

He sat motionless, his legs crossed, his brushy brows contracted.

Ed, sitting on the sofa, in a position carefully chosen for commanding a view of the kitchen, was conscious of a furtive scrutiny from behind his paper.

What ailed the old man, anyhow?

But Ed was indifferent to that. He had a glimpse of Mr. Wetmore's niece through the door. She was washing dishes. Heavens! that a girl could look so pretty washing dishes.

Jared joined him on the lounge. The young man's suspicion of Jared returned sharply, and he faced him with a frown.

"Wal, what do you think o' Milly?" Jared demanded.

Supper had loosened Jared's tongue.

"Pretty, ain't she?" he proceeded, grinning. (Ed could have throttled him.) "And jest as smart as she's pretty, Milly is. She's b'en to the Bostwick Academy—b'en clean through it. Awful smart about books, Milly is!"

His listener scowled.

"'Most every feller in town's been sweet on Milly, first er last," Jared proceeded, his red hands behind his head. "But Milly's right up to 'em. She ain't to be had so easy, Milly ain't. Guess they'll find it out."

Jared chuckled.

The guest studied him in a blind rage.

Yes, there was complacency, self-satisfaction—everything obnoxious in his freckled visage.

Ed stared into the kitchen to where Milly stood, slenderly outlined against the pantry door.

Yes, he could conceive of it. They had been thrown together from childhood, and perhaps there was some consideration as to family property-

Oh, yes, he could see into the future—see Jared taking his pretty cousin to church of a Sunday evening—see, by a bird's-eye view, all their long and moderate courtship—see and hear the nasal-voiced minister who would unite them!

He shut his eyes and sulked.

How the evening passed he was unable to say.

Milly finished the dished and went to kneading bread in a distant corner.

Mr. Wetmore sat without stirring. He looked strangely grim, and Ed surmised that he had read his page over forty times.

"What's the matter with your father?" the young man snapped at last, half amused, half aggravated.

The drive in the wind, or his present mental discomfort, had made his head ache.

"Pa?" said Jared. "Wal, I b'en looking at pa myself. 'Something does seem to lay hold o' pa."

The lamp sputtered and burned lower; it was decidedly cheerless and disheartening.

The clock struck nine.

Ed gathered himself up with a jerk, and picked up his hat and coat and gun case.

"Guess I'll go to bed!" he grumbled.

Mr. Wetmore got up suddenly and went toward the kitchen. He had grown pale; the paper dropped from his trembling hand as he went.

But Milly met him at the door.

"Uncle Elias," she cried, "aren't you going to get any supper? I've saved some in the oven."

She came on prettily, smiling.

"Oh, you are going to your room!" she said. "I hope you'll find it comfortable, Mr. Crosby."

She was at liberty; she was going to stay! Ed cursed himself as he bade her good-night.

Everything was going wrong. He ground his teeth and wished Meriden had been buried with Pompeii, and his doctor and his Aunt Harriet also.

Jared lighted him upstairs.

The hour at which Mr. Crosby woke that night was intermediate. It was blackly dark, save for a lone star glimmering through the window.

He sat up in bewilderment. He had been awakened by the near report of a gun.

He sprang into the middle of the room. Who was murdering and who being murdered? Where was Miss Keller? She flashed into his startled mind, and left him a strange agony of fear.

He dashed to the door and then back again wildly, and into his clothes.

The hall was full of gun-powdery smell, and Ed could hear somebody hurriedly descending the stairs,

What bloody work had been done?

A light was flickering somewhere. Ed halted.

"Oh, Mr. Crosby!" came a faltering voice from the region of the light, and a pretty vision followed the voice.

It was Milly Keller, clad hastily and fantastically in snatched-up garments, her face, pale and startled, rising above the candle she held with a shaking hand.

"Miss Keller!" the boarder responded. "You're safe, then?"

"Oh, yes," she smiled tremulously. "Did you think somebody was killed?" No, it was only Uncle Elias."

"Only Uncle Elias!" Ed repeated. "Is he crazy, Miss Keller, to be shooting off guns in the house at the dead of night?"

In the glow of relief which filled him he was laughing, and Milly laughed too.

She had sat down on the top stair weakly, and was shaking now with half hysterical mirth. Ed sat down beside her.

"Poor Uncle Elias," Miss Keller gasped—"poor Uncle Elias!"

"Well?" said the boarder. "He hasn't shot himself?"

"Oh, no!" cried his niece. "No; I met him on the stairs," she tittered again. "Did you know, Mr. Crosby, that it was your gun he had?"

"No!" he murmured.

"But it was," Miss Keller faltered. "You mustn't think Uncle Elias is crazy; he isn't—except about guns. He's in abject terror of guns; he'd prefer a lion or a boa-constrictor any time to a gun. It was born in him—he's always been so. You mustn't blame him," said his niece, in sweet apology.

"Oh, I don't!" her listener cried, earnestly.

"He can't help it, you see; it's a sort of mania. He's not such a—a gump about anything else, Uncle Elias isn't. Well, I didn't know till I saw you carrying the case upstairs that you had one, and then I trembled in my shoes. Then I knew why Uncle Elias had been sitting all the evening and lookin like a ghost. I didn't know what he'd do, but I knew 'twould be something. I didn't know but he'd send you home on the first train to-morrow."

"Oh, no!" he pleaded.

"Well, he's obviated that. He's confiscated your gun. He's stolen it. He fired it first, you see, for he wouldn't have dared to carry it loaded. Poor Uncle Elias! to think of him firing a gun! He was white as a sheet when I met him. And he'll dispose of it. I don't know whether he'll put it under the boards in the cellar, or down the old cistern, or bury it behind the barn; but it's gone forever, Mr. Crosby!

Mr. Wetmore's niece laughed softly into a fold of her dress, with a brightly bantering gaze upon the boarder.

The boarder smiled back! His spirits were rising with every minute.

His gloom and headache of last night were incomprehensible.

"I don't care," he said gallantly. "He's welcome to it. I am only sorry, Miss Keller, for his annoyance."

"Annoyance?" she murmured, shaking her pretty head. "Agony! He won't mention his excapade, Mr. Crosby—"

"Nor I!" the young man declared.

"But you may look for that bullet-hole to-morrow," Milly ended.

She sprang up, with sudden recollection.

"Good-night!—or good-morning!"

Her dark hair was rough, her feet carelesaly beslippered, a red scarf on her shoulders.

The young man bent his eyes upon her with a keenness which made her falter and pause.

"One question, Miss Keller," he almost gasped. "You'll forgive me, but—but I've been wondering—and surely there isn't any harm in telling me—are you—going to marry your cousin Jared?"

Miss Keller looked at him with her dark eyes stretched to their widest. Then she looked down at the candle, frowned, and turned the color of her scarf.

"Jared," she said, stiffly—"Jared is engaged to marry Amanda Snow in October."

She ran down the stairs.

* * * * * * *

"No," Mr. Wetmore would say to highly-interested and copiously-inquiring friends and neighbors—"no I didn't much take to Mr. Crosby fust time I see him. I was sot against him, jest to the fust, but come to know him—come to get acquainted, w'y, he wears pretty good. And Milly being so sot on him—Milly's a smart enough girl not to take up with no numbskull—wal, shouldn't wonder if he'd do jest as well by Milly as any feller out o' Meriden would 'a!"

How Women Carry Money.

All those handsome, fashionably stamped leather portemonaies, firmly strapped and clasped beyond its peradventure of mishap, as well as the long, cunningly knitted silken purses, craftily linked to defy light and honest fingers alike, are made exclusively for feminine use. No one ever hears of a man keeping his money in anything of the sort. If he owns a pocket-book at all it is a shabby affair, worn slick as glass and stuffed with memoranda, promisory notes, a couple of bills, possibly a receipt, some business cards, and ten to one a complimentary personal cut from the newspaper; all manner of odds and ends in the way of lottery tickets, a silky curl, registration papers, anything and everything, in fact, except ready cash. The prudent individual knows a great deal better than to put precious currency in his purse. Crumpled out of shape the bills are rammed down in his vest pocket, while along with keys and a knife the loose silver jingles in the pockets of his trousers. All thus disposed of he never loses a cent. Indeed, it requires a burglar to carry off the garments bodily before the seemingly reckless man be dispossessed of his treasure.

Now those who have taken the trouble to observe a woman's tactics when shopping are familiar with the stereotyped rules she follows, and the poorest rogue has shrewdness enough to avoid them when first entering an establishment. Get a shopgirl to describe how loftily indifferent, languidly, disdainful or coldly neglectful ninety-nine women out of a hundred look when they first step in off the street. They then have themselves well in hand, a firm purchase on parasol and purse, and a green clerk would wonder what on earth ever brought such dilettanti in to be bored. Before ten steps have been taken, however, those wary glances are ensnared. Bargains boldly set forth on the centre counter fetches a glow of animation into listless faces, and every dignified muscle is relaxed as the light of trade shines like a lamp in either eye.

Here the fray begins. The thrifty shopper goes hard to work to see how much stuff she can get for the smallest amount of money. Bangs slowly dampen and uncurl; powder fades as though it never had been, collars melt, mitts creep stealthily down the arm; veils moisten and part asunder, and yet never does the ardent buyer's attention relax for an instant. Inspired by the devotion to the business in hand, she works faithfully and well; everything is forgotten save that ten cents difference on the embroidery, and as is invariably the case patience and perseverance conquer all difficulties. Flushed with triumph, reveling in the victory that will create even in the bosom of every woman friend, she promptly turns to count out the necessary nickels. Abomination of desolation! Where in heaven's name is her pocket-book? With feverish anxiety every article up and down the counter is overturned, tossed ruthlessly about or pushed hastily aside in one vain effort to catch a glimpse of its beaded fringe or oxidized clasp. During this prolonged hunt every man, woman and child is suspiciously eyed. No one knows or has seen anything of the mislaid purse, but suddenly the light of conviction makes the whole thing clear. The robbed woman sinks helplessly on the nearest stool and tells of those two well dressed blondes who sandwiched her between them at the embroidery counter. Too absorbed to notice aught beyond their sympathetic enthusiasm over the goods she was jostled and jammed about with this result.—Atlanta Constitution.

Ex-Empress Eugenie's Poor Health.

The ex-Empress Eugenie, once the gay and dazzling sovereign lady toward whom the eyes of all Europe were turned, is said to be more than usually infirm this season, and spends a great portion of her time in silence and meditation, whether she is lodged in her own home or is visiting at the mansion of some friend.

When her fits of gloom come on she is capable of remaining sleepless, speechless, without eating, drinking or noticing any one around her for twenty-four hours at a time. Persuasion and persistent attempts to bring her to a sense of her surroundings only makes her case worse.

It is as if she were communing with the dread phantoms of her past, and as if they held her attention to the exclusion of all other things in the universe. When the fit is over it may be succeeded by one of devotion such as only Spanish women can go through, devotion which seems to leave the very soul prostrated. The remnants of her wardrobe, which she was allowed to remove from Paris in 1876 and 1877, produced much of the fortune on which she lives to-day and the money which she has expended on the splendid imperial mausoleum. Of furs alone, at the time of the empire's downfall, she had $120,000 worth deposited with the crown fur keeper, and others worth as much more with intimate friends. It has been estimated that the Empress Eugenie possessed at the time of the empire's greatest grandeur $800,000 worth of furs.—Paris Letter in Philadelphia *Press*.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

And Some of the Older Ones, too May Be Interested.

"O mamma! Tilda says that Genie told her that Christie said Mollie Dean's mother told some one that you were a greenhorn, and I was just like you," and Cornie's head went down in her mother's lap and she sobbed as if her heart was broken beyond repair.

Mrs. Lee lifted the small, brown head and looked into her little girl's tearful eyes, and said, with an amused smile:

"Cornie, dear, what is this all about?"

"It's true, mamma; Tilda said so," sobbed the child, "and I never want to see Mollie any more. The naughty wicked girl! when I've always given her the besutifullest valentines, and had her for my bestest friend. Oh, dear! I never can be happy again!"

"There must be some mistake, Cornie," said her mother. "Mrs. Dean and I have always been friends, and I am sure she would never say anything of that kind, even if it were true. It sounds very much like gossip, and if I were you, I would dry my tears and think no more about it."

"I can't ever forget it," said Cornie, "and I'm just miser'ble 'cause Mollie invited me to her birthday party to-morrow, and I said I wouldn't go for anything."

"Why, Cornie, I am grieved to think you should say anything so unkind," said the little girl's mother. "I am sure if you knew the truth you would find there was no cause to be angry. I think when to-morrow comes you will think it isn't worth minding, and go to the party."

"I can't go now," said Cornie, beginning to cry again, "cause I said I wouldn't."

"Yes, Cornie, you can go and tell Mollie you are sorry you treated her invitation so, and ask her to forgive you."

"Why, Mamma Lee! Do you think I'd do that when they've treated me so? I wouldn't for the world," said Cornie, indignantly.

Nevertheless, when morrow came she began to relent.

"Maybe I'd better go, mamma," she said, "'cause I've been to all her parties, and she might miss me, you see."

"I would," was mamma's answer, as she combed Cornie's hair and dressed her in her pretty red gown. "But, little daughter, unless you carry a brighter face you will spoil all the fun."

Mrs. Dean met the little girl at the door with an affectionate kiss.

"Mollie will be very glad," she said. "They are all here but you, and she was afraid you were not coming."

Mollie came to meet her with her brightest smile.

"How could you say you wouldn't come?" she asked.

Cornie's lips quivered.

"I thought most likely you did not want a greenhorn," she faltered.

"What do you mean, Cornie Lee?" cried Mollie.

"Tilda said your mamma said my mamma and I were greenhorns. That's why I said I wouldn't come," was Cornie's low answer.

"Well, well," said Mrs. Dean, "we must find out what this means. Tilda, how could you tell Cornie such a strange thing?"

"Genie told me," said Tilda, hanging her head.

"Genie, did you tell Tilda that I said Mrs. Lee and Cornie were greenhorns?" Cornie grew very red.

"No, ma'am," she stammered. "I said you said they were green. Christie told me."

"You said so, truly," cried Christie. "I was bear playing with Mollie, and I heard you tell a lady—Mrs. Dittenhaver, I b'lieve Mollie said it was—that Chester Lee's wife was green, and her little daughter was just like her. I remember it just as plain."

Mrs. Dean thought a moment, and then she began to laugh.

"I remember, too," she said. "Mrs. Dittenharver was an old schoolmate, and she knew Cornie's father and asked me who his wife was. I told her she was a Green, and she had a little girl who looked just like her. You ought to be proud of that, my dear, for there are no better or finer-looking people in town than your mother's relatives."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" cried Cornie, with a beaming face. "Mamma said she knew it was all a mistake. Do forgive me, Mollie. I'm so sorry I believed it. I never will again."

"I love you better than ever, Cornie, darling," was Mollie's answer, giving the little girl a loving kiss.

"I hope, my dear girls, that this will be a lesson which you all will remember," said Mrs. Dean, "and never report or believe any unkind words said about another. Here comes Susan with some cakes and fruit, and I hope you will all have a merry time."

Australia's Pest.

The Australian government is building a fence of wire netting 8,000 miles along to divide New South Wales and Queensland, in order to keep the rabbits out of the latter country. Australia is paying not less than $125,000 per year to keep the pests down is what are known as crown lands. The offer is still kept up or $100,000 to any man who will produce something that will exterminate the pests.

Steel, or homogeneous iron, is now largely used for the manufacture of boilers. With this material there is no lamination and no blistering, the sheet being rolled from a solid cast ingot. Good metal for boilers will bear bending and flattening when either hot or cold, and a piece of it, when heated to redness and plunged into cold water, should not be perceptibly hardened. There is one trouble to which steel boilers are liable, even when the metal has passed the above test, and that is cracking of the fire sheets. When a crack is discovered holes should be drilled immediately beyond the ends of the crack, so that it may not extend further, and these holes closed with rivets. In some cases the edges of the crack may be closed by calking, and if this fails either soft or hard pitching must be resorted to.

FASHION NOTES.

Each week we speak of the novelties which appear, which a caprice of fashion creates, and that live as they are born, without any one seeking to know why.

There is not a fabric rich or plain, a cut of the skirt or corsage, a form of the garment, a hat, an umbrella, etc., that we do not describe at the same moment in which it is seen.

But the question arises, "Of what shall we chat to-day?" It is too late to talk about dresses of batiste, of foulard, of tulle and of lace; for these are no more seen upon the street. Besides, our readers are too intent on preparations for the next season. In fact, it is too late to speak of the summer, and yet too early to revel in the novelties of the coming winter.

In giving some novelties for the coming winter, in the manner of dressing the hair, we have found several very practical and easy, which every one will be able to copy without much trouble. The method of dressing one's hair, more indeed than the toilette itself contributes toward making one look pretty. With a new coiffure, a little coquettish, one can be content with a very simple dress, for the coiffure appears better than the most beautiful dress. Every lady should dress her hair according to the contour of her face, and the nature of her hair. For those who have brown curly hair, like "Salome," this style is marvelously becoming. The hair a little short in front, descends upon the ears, forming an irregular tuft upon the side of the front, and is raised in a knot on top of the head.

Some pins, or a tortoise shell comb, holds the capricious waves of the hair. Under a large round hat, one of the broad-brimmed kind, that will be worn this winter, this coiffure is extremely pretty. To the toque, which will be much worn, the little English chignon is very becoming. The hair cut, or a little false bandeau, is arranged upon the front of the head, falling a little upon the forehead. In the back the hair is twisted and rolled close like a chignon, in the English fashion. This coiffure is very correct, very simple and very much favored.

Then there is the catogan, to which many young ladies remain faithful. The hair thrown to the back forms a large point on the front. Should one fear to injure the hair by tying it, in order to form the point, a false curl not very expensive, can be easily used.

The reversed eight is very elegant, full of charming abandon. The hair is twisted as if for the ordinary eight, only instead of turning the twist to the right, place it vertically towards top of the head and make beneath the second twist, which completes the knot. A beautiful open work pin of tortoise shell or of gold, gives elegance to this coiffure. In front, the hair waves lightly with a point of interrogation, or two, near the temples. Should the hair be naturally curly and blond, it is only necessary to make it puff in front and arrange it negligently in the back. This coiffure is recommended to those whose hair is short, and not very abundant. The hair should be rolled like a small chignon, on which is placed false curls.

To-day, thanks to all these accessories of dressing the hair, thrt are placed at our disposal, the dressing of one's hair becomes an easy matter. Above all, the hair is not ruined with hotirons. Never were false curls and braids arranged so skillfully and becomingly, if it may be said, as those worn by the young girls, the young matrons and even by ladies of all ages.

FELICE LESLIE.

Dr Andrew Smart, in a recent publication, strongly insists upon the registration of infectious diseases and that ampler accommodations should be made for their special medical treatment. Keeping well before his eyes the maxim that prevention is better than cure, he warmly advocates adequate sanitary inspection of houses and other edifices during the time they are being built, and subsequently systematic examination of even properly constructed dwellings and workshops and the streets upon which they may be situated.

The common sparrow, that was never a great favorite in Great Britain, is now looked upon as a pest in the United States, where the bird was lately welcomed, housed, fed and protected by law. It has been found that the sparrow does drive away birds, does play havoc with the garden and the vinery and orchard, and does not destroy grubs and worms when better fare can be had. The squirrel has also fallen into disfavor. It is alleged by the naturalists that the squirrel robs birds' nests and destroys fruit—in fact, some have considered this little animal a sort of tree rat.

M. Pasteur has communicated to the Academie des Sciences the results of his experiments with rabies. The most interesting of his statements is that he can render dogs insusceptible to infection by inoculating them with a modified virus. Hydrophobia is, however, declining in Paris. According to a recent report there were but 6 cases of it in human beings in 1883, while in 1882 there were 11 and in 1881 the number reached 17. Among the animals there were 615 cases in 1881, 276 in 1882, and 182 in 1883.

M. Gruner, the well-known metallurgist, has published the result of a year's researches on the oxidizability of iron and steel under the influence of moist air, fresh, sea and acidulated water. The numerous results are in the highest degree instructive. Iron is dissolved rapidly by sea water, cast iron loses about half as much as steel, and Spiegeleizen is powerfully acted on.

Messrs. Ramsay and Young find that the decomposition of ammonia by heat commences at about 500°, and that it is nearly in extent with porcelain, glass, iron and abestos, but at 700° ammonia is almost completely decomposed by passing through an iron tube. Copper, when heated, is not so active.

The best way to clear out and straighten the fringe of towels, doilies, etc., before ironing, is to comb it, while damp, with an inch length of coarsest toilet comb.

HORSE NOTES.

—Edgemark, with a mile in 2.16 to his credit, holds the 4-year-old stallion record.

—William Walker, the colored plunger, is said to be $75,000 ahead of the races this year.

—George Starr will take eight or ten of Budd Doble's string to California for the winter.

—J. I. Case, owner of Jay Eye-See (2.10) and Phallas (2.13¼) has returned from Europe.

—Gregory's winnings amount to about $15,000 for the season. He will race no more this year.

—Frank D. Spotswood has sold to Mr. Camille, of Switzerland, the 2-year-old bay colt Flash, trial 2:34½, by Secrates, dam by Bourbon Chief, for $2400. He will be trotted in France.

—Now the sensation mongers say that Proctor Knott has broken down, and that Sam Bryant outwitted his partner, Mr. Scroggin, when he made him bid $17,000 for the great gelding.

—Leonard W. Jerome resigned the Presidency of the Coney Island and New York Jockey Clubs, and was unanimously re-elected by the first club. The New York Club accepted his resignation, and elected H. de Courcy Forbes in his place.

—The Dwyer Brothers will, this year, as they have so often done before, head the list of successful winning owners, for while the Nursery stable, their most formidable opponent, has retired from the field, the Brooklyn stable is daily adding to its account.

—A. H. Moore, of Philadelphia, has purchased the b. m. Split Silk, by Harold, dam Rosebud, by Nutwood, from John S. Clark, of New Brunswick, N. J.; also, the b. f. Eigitha, by Dictator, dam Elfrida, by Harold. Both mares are in foal to Bell Boy, 2.19¼.

—Ella Clay, the winner of the 2.27 class at the recent Terre Haute meeting, reduced her record to 2.23¼. She is a bay mare, 6 years old, by Wilgus Clay (son of C. M. Clay, Jr., 20), dam a thoroughbred mare, by Jack Harkaway. She is owned by O. T. Pedicord, of Martinsville, Ind., and was bought two years ago for $125.

—The coming horse show at Chicago, under the management of the American Horse Show Association, at the Exposition Building, promises to be a brilliant success. Stalls for 1200 horses are being provided, and over 600 of these have been booked by horsemen from all parts of the country. The last horse show in New York had 412 horses.

—Professor Oscar R. Gleason's control over vicious and unruly horses is truly remarkable. It takes him but a few minutes to subdue the most stubborn cases. He breaks horsos of all objecitonable tricks, and does it so thoroughly that any lady can drive them thereafter. People who own horses should not fail to see how Professor Gleason will drive a fractious horse under a steam whistle and the animal stand perfectly quiet. Those having nervous, shying, kicking and unruly saddle-horses should by all means send them to be handled by Professor Gleasoo and made safe.

—Twenty-six stake races worth $7000 or over have been run on the Eastern tracks this season. Eight of these were decided at Monmouth, aggregating $166,330; seven at Sheepshead Bay, worth $147,570; four at Morris Park, of the value of $54,610; four at Gravesend, totaling $41,045, and three at Jerome, amounting to $29,730. If we add to these the American Derby, of Chicago, the only other stake worth upward of $7000, and whose gross value was $17,190, we have a grand total of $399,175 for the twenty-seven stakes, or an average of $14,784 for each.

—Never since the memorable day when the late W. H. Vanderbilt drove the famous queen of the turf Maud S., and Aldine in 2.15½ at Fleetwood has excitement reached such high watermark as it did on Saturday October 19th, when Major S. T. Dickinson's new team, Aubine and Lady Wellington, reeled off a mile in the phenomenal time of 2.16. Prior to going the mile the team had gone to the half-mile pole in 1.06, but at that point Lady Wellington broke and Ike Fleming very judiciously decided not to go on with the journey. Although it is not a record, it is morally certain that the pair can go, on any good day and track, beat 2.16. Aubine is by Young Rolfe and Lady Wellington is by Victor.

—One of the sensations of the English racing season has been furnished by the appearance of the Australian bred race horse Ringmaster and the unexpected high form he has shown. It is the first venture of taking a race-horse from Australia to England, and although it has not been attended by quite as successful results as attended the efforts of the American-bred horses Parole, Iroquois, Foxhall, Wallenstein, Don Fulano, etc., it has been of a character to encourage the Australians to further efforts, especially as Ringmaster did not rank as a topswayer at home. Yet he has won the Billesdon handicap, 114 pounds; Pontefract spring handicap, 100 pounds; Great Northern handicap, 103 pounds, etc., and was second to King Monmouth in the Great Eber handicap.

An article in the *Planet* upon the climatology of Southern California gives a terse summing up of the weather in Santa Barbara for one year. The account was kept by Dr. Bradley, of Aurora, Ill., who was suffering from advanced pulmonary disease. There were 310 pleasant days in which an invalid could be out doors with comfort and safety; twenty-nine cloudy days, upon twenty of which an invalid could be out of doors; twelve showery days, upon seven of which he could be out an hour several times each day; ten windy days, confining the invalid wholly to the house, and five rainy days, also prohibitory. The advantages of the resort lie in the fact that invalids may be nearly all the time in the open air, and also in its having an equal temperature. The latter averages 61.35 degrees for the year, the difference between July and January being but 15 degrees.

THE CENTRE REPORTER

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous rms. $2 per year.

Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

CENTRE HALL, PA., THURS, NOV. 7.

3,000

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All the new things received soon as out. Patterns sent by mail postpaid, at New York price. Add 10c. for postage on Metropolitan Catalogue and 2c on Delineator.

G. R. SPIGELMEYER.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Ask your storekeeper for Calla Lily flour, and get a No. 1 article.

——The season for rabbits opened on Thursday.

——Communion services in the Lutheran church next Sabbath morning.

——W. K. Alexander, wife and daughter, have returned to Millheim from Denver.

——Ground has been broken for A. P. Luse's new house, on the lot south of Bartholomew's.

——Rev. Fischer, and Aaron Harter, delegate, are attending the Lutheran conference at Hartleton.

——Our old friend Knoffsinger, from across the mountain gave us a call, are always glad to see him.

——Mrs. Montilius, of Piper City, Ill., and Mrs. Dr. Gast, of Mifflinburg, are visiting at Wm. Wolf's.

——Town Councilman George Ocker and family spent a few days on a pleasant visit to Brushvalley.

— Messrs. Frank Arney and John Lee have gone to State College, where they have a job at painting.

——Simon Loeb's new clothing store, opposite the Conrad house, is the place for bargains in men and boys' suits.

——Alfred. P. Krape, of Farmers Mills, this week moved into his house east of the station. He will be a good citizen.

——A five-weeks old infant child of James McClenahen, living at the upper end of town, died on Sunday morning of sore throat.

——Last Saturday night a heavy rain set in which continued until near Sunday noon, after which the sky became bright and clear.

——Dr. Rider is busy attending calls as a veterinery practician, for which he recently registered, and meets with good success.

——Dr. J. R. Gast, the eye specialist, will be at Centre Hall, Monday next, 11th; at Spring Mills, 12th; Millheim, 13th, and Aaronsburg on 14th.

— Mingle's shoe store, in the Brockerhoff Row, is brim full of new stock for fall and winter. Just anything you want and at any prices. except high prices.

——Send your name in for the REPORTER at campaign rates on trial. Or send us two new names and the cash for a year and we give you a copy one year free, thus enabling any one, by very little effort to get a paper one year free.

——The Bellefonte *Republican* and *Daily News* have again changed management, Mr. Newton Baily stepping down and off the editorial tripod and Mr. Charles Gates taking charge. We wish him and his interesting sheets unbounded success.

——At Sunbury James Griggs, aged 28, while attempting to jump on a Philadelphia and Reading freight to go to Lewisburg, fell under the wheels, which passed over both legs. It was found necessary to amputate them below the knees. He is not expected to live. He has a wife and child.

——If one little son arriving in a family adds one thousand dollars to the wealth of the father. then two little sons will add two thousahd—that's sound arithmetic. So then Jacob Lee is $2,000 better off since Monday morning, because it's twins, and the little ones are doing finely. Now begin taking the next census.

——To meet a funeral procession is a sign of death.

To lose a pocketbook containing bills of large denominations is considered very unlucky.

When a cat prepares to wash its face it is a sign that someone in the house will shortly receive a licking.

If you are in a house and hear a baby cry it is a sign of marriage—or, if it isn't it ought to be.—*Ex.*

——Stoves! Stoves! Stoves, that is what Reesman across the way is stocked with. Stoves of every size and description, for the parlor, sitting room and kitchen; stoves for wood and coal, for rich and poor, plain and fancy; as fine an assortment as can be found in this county, and at prices far below other dealers. Andy puts them up for you and warrants them good. His is the oldest stove store in the county and none of his customers have yet had cause to complain and always found him honest Andy, and those are the business men one should always patronize. Go and see his stock, and you will be pleased with what you see he has.

Hallow Eve.

"All-Hallows, the English and Scotish version of All Saints' day. Hallowe'en is thought to be a night when witches, devils, and other mischief making beings are all abroad on their baneful midnight errands."

In our day, the REPORTER surmises, that the boys imagine that on hallowe'en they can play devil and witch with full license, and mix up and throw around things generally, in streets and lanes, and the youngsters keep it up just as regularly as hallow-en comes around. How they all just know the day, better than the date when Columbus discovered America, is what puzzles us older chaps, who, of course, never went into the mischief business when we were boys.

Our village, with the rest is visited regularly with hallow-en capers.

Last Thursday night pretty near all the signs in town were misplaced, and many things upset. One feature about this event is the harm that is frequently done by the "witches" and "devils" on hollow-eve night, to premises and personal effects, which oversteps the bounds of sport and is wrong. When only innocent sport is wrought, there is little complaint, as the boys must have their fun.

Spangler's meat market sign was planted at neighbor Geiss' residence, who only eats meat and does not sell. The awning at Spanglers, under which all find such a cool loafing place in summer, was removed and spread in front of Murray's drug store, inscribed with large letters, "Closing out." Yet Murray does such a profitable business that he does not think of selling off at losing prices.

Murray's soda water sign was grafted to Boozer's meat market where they don't have any fizz nor foam.

Dr. Emerick's shingle was posted at McCormick's.

The signs of Shoop & Boozer and Arney and Mingle were planted at the REPORTER office; some of these parties not only for a hundred months having wanted to both run and ruin the business of this shanty, would make it appear as though all their business would have to be done here now to be successful.

At the far end of town, it appears, the "witches and devils" held a funeral, burying two important parties, kindly furnishing an epitath, yet the "dead" ones are still alive.

Further out, about the station, there were also some upsets and shiftings, which space forbids us to enumerate.

The Bayard-Strohm Wedding.

One of the most elaborate and beautiful weddings that has taken place in this vicinity for a long time was solemnized yesterday, Wednesday, at half past eleven o'clock, at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Strohm, at Centre Hill.

About one hundred and twenty-five friends were here assembled to witness the marriage of Miss Laura M. Strohm, to Mr. Walter W. Bayard, of Bellefonte.

Promptly at the appointed time, Miss Celia Bayard, sister of the groom gave the signal for the arrival of the bridal party, in the familiar strains of the wedding march, when the ushers, Messrs. W. F. Harris, John Bullock, Charles Richard and Archie Allison entered the parlors, followed by the bride and groom, where they were met by the Rev. Dr. Laurie, of Bellefonte, who then performed a most impressive and touching ceremony. Congratulations were then in order, immediately following which bountiful refreshments were served.

At 2:30 o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Bayard, amidst a shower of rice and old shoes entered their carriage and were driven to the Centre Hall station, where they took the 3.20 train for the East. Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington will be visited before their return to Altoona, where their home will be for the winter.

Guests were present from Illinois, Ohio, Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Altoona, etc.

One of the many pleasures of the day, was an inspection of the presents, which were more handsome and valuable than any collection ever seen in this section.

Death of Col. Stover.

A special in Thursday's Philadelphia *Press* records the death at Aurora Springs, Mo., on October 27, of Colonel John H. Stover, formerly Captain of Company B, 10th Pennsylvania Vol.; Major of 106th Pa. Vol., and finally colonel of 148th Pa. Vol. Mr. Stover is an old Centre county resident, being born and raised at Aaronsburg. He read law in Bellefonte and was admitted to practice. He at one time ran for Congress in Missouri to fill a vacancy of Col. McClurg, who was elected governor, and was elected, serving three months in congress. Col. Stover afterwards ran for Lieutenant Governor of Missouri on the Republican ticket but was not elected. He was also associated with J. G. Kurtz in the Bellefonte *Central Press*. He ran for district attorney in this county against D. G. Bush and was elected,

Grapes and Grape Juice,

The art of Preserving Grape juice without fermentation and the art of fermenting the Oporto grape into wine in this country has been brought to a greater degree of perfection by Mr. Alfred Speer, of New Jersey, than by any other person. The Claret and Burgundy are very popular as dinner wine and the Port and Unfermented Juice as evening wines as well as for the communion table and for invalids. For sale by druggists

Flour and Feed.

Every grade of wheat and rye flour, granulated meal, chop, cowfeed and bran, of all grades, to be had at the Centre Hall mill, wholesale and retail.

Flour and meal will always be kept in town for the convenience of town customers.

Coal, hard and Woodland, and soft at the new sheds at the mill. Terms cash

KURTZ & SON.

——Woodland and all kinds of soft and hard coal at the Centre Hall mills.

——Ask at your store for Calla Lily flour—it is No. 1.

——Dried fruit wanted at C. P. Long's, Spring Mills.

——Bartholomew's is the only place in town you can buy the Snag-Proof Rubber boot.

——New lot of robes and 5-A horse blankets very cheap at Boozer's.

——Lewins beats the state for large assortment of men and boy's clothing—and he beats the world and all clothing stores in it for low prices. There's where you save from $3 to $8 on a suit of clothes.

Accidental Death.

On Thursday afternoon last, Mr. William McPherson, of Weikert Station, Union county, went hunting for rabbits. He set his gun down on the ground, forgetting at the time that it was loaded and also cocked. In some way the trigger was touched and the gun went off, the shot entering Mr. McPherson's face below the right eye. He was found and taken home but died the following Friday night.

PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment is the only sure cure for Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles ever discovered. It never fails to cure old chronic cases of long standing.

Judge Coons, Maysville, Ky., says: "Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment cured me after years of suffering."

Judge Coffinbury, Cleveland, O., says: "I have found by experience that Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment gives immediate and permanent relief."

We have hundreds of such testimonials. Do not suffer an instant longer. Sold by druggists at 50c & $1 per box. ap21y

One Fare to Baltimore via P. R. R.

A large number of people will be attracted to Baltimore by the meeting of the Catholic Congress and the ceremonies incident thereto, and, in order that they may make the trip as conveniently and as cheaply as possible, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets November 7th to 12th, valid for return until November 16th, from all principal stations on its lines at a single fare for the round trip. During the same period, in order that the visitors to Baltimore may also extend their trip to Washington, excursion tickets will be sold between the two cities at $1.20, valid for return until November 16th.

Sudden Deaths.

On Monday of last week Mr. William Orndorf, of Woodward, died suddenly of Bright's disease of the kidneys.

Mrs. John Hess, of the same place, also died suddenly of apoplexy on same day.

STAR SPRING WATER.

Saratoga Star Spring Water for sale in bottles and by the glass by all druggists

——The elegant new shoe store, of Mr. Gillam, in the Crider Block, Bellefonte, should be visited to see his stock and variety of boots and shoes for all ages and sexes.

——Now is your time to get a cheap overcoat, and Lewins has 'em cheap, good, warm, lasting goods. Give the Philad. Branch a call and see for yourself and save $5 to boot.

——Lewins is putting out new suits like hot cakes. Everybody wants them because they are so cheap and well made out of the best goods. He takes your measure and will make a suit to order if desired.

——All that desire bargains in boots or shoes, go to Mingle's shoe store in the Brockerhoff house block, which is the place to get anything in that line at lowest prices and every article warranted, or money refunded, if not found as represented. Mingle keeps none but first class goods.

——All the New Woolens for the coming season now being received. Liberal discount for early orders during the dull season. Our Fall stock will be the finest ever shown. *Prices and a good fit guaranteed.* MONTGOMERY & Co., Tailors, Bellefonte.

——Mingle's shoe store in the Brockerhoff house block has every idea in the line of boots and shoes, whether of rubber, leather or cloth, and he sells at bottom prices, so that none pay more than the goods are worth. He warrants all he sells.

——Lewins now has his counters stocked with the best lot of ready-made clothing yet brought to Centre county and at the most astonishing low prices. Lewins always leads—he never follows. You never heard a customer complain of any article of clothing purchased of honest Sam Lewins.

——McFarlane's hardware store is having a tremendous run on stoves this season and the best reason for this is the fact that none but the best goods in this line are sold by this firm. The Apollo Range has the lead of all stoves of that class. Hundreds of them have been sold and all are giving the best satisfaction. One man says his Apollo dont burn more than half as much coal as a No 9 cookstove he formerly used. They burn wood as well as coal and take a stick 26 inches long. The celebrated Regulater cook has been remodeled and is now the handsomest stove in Bellefonte. Warranted in all respects.

"VENI, VIDI, VICI."

The Exposition is closed until October next. We saw it; it was great, being in its infancy, but we saw enough to convince ourselves of the fact that enterprise, such as displayed there, should not be passed by without some comment. But we still wonder why it was that only one wholesale liquor house was so boldly represented. You could see its pyramid of bottles from any part of the great building. It was the prettiest display there. Max Klein has proved to the public that he wants to be seen. His "Silver Age" rye whiskey has now such a well earned reputation that he is proud of it and he wan is everybody to see it. His goods are pure and reliable. You can have his Silver Age at $1.50 per full quarts. His Guckenheimer, Finch, Overholt or Gibson at $1.00 per quart, or 6 quarts for $5.00. Send for his price list and mention this paper. His address is MAX KLEIN, 82 Federal St., Allegheny.

Congratulations.

The REPORTER has had a dozen letters congratulating it upon the good work it so largely aided in routing the drunken, plundering Henderson-Fiedler-Cook gang in the county. Honest Republicans tell us too they are glad. A more infamous set fo fellows never had their hands upon the throats of the people any where than this gang.

Notice to Resign.

The result of Tuesday's election means that the county commissioners should resign. The grand jury indicted them and the people have rendered a verdict, unfaithful servants. All good Democrats and Republicans say, Guilty.

——If you wish to have a good overcoat, $4 to $8 less than can be bought elsewhere, then go to Samuel Lewins, he has them and warrants them. He sells nothing that has cheat about it,

Rebersburg.

Prof. Harry Conser lectured in the Evangelical church last Saturday evening on "Home Life in Germany." Notwithstanding the rain quite a respectable crowd was present. The Prof. delivered an instructive, eloquent and entertaining lecture, which showed that he had his eyes and ears open while visiting the Fatherland.

Rev. Dotterer, delivered his last sermon as pastor of the Reformed congregation of this place, last Sunday morning.

Miss Rose Hartef, our primary school teacher is on the sick list at present, having contracted a very bad cold.

Edward Bierly, a student of Central Pa. college was home on a visit to his parents. He returned to college again on Monday.

Henry Kreamer, and George Ocker and wife, of Centre Hall were visiting in our town over Sunday.

The Kreamerville town hall is being plastered this week.

George Winters moved from the west end to the middle of Kramerville on Monday.

The teachers and directors have some very noticeable improvements on the inside appearance of some of our school houses, and we hear that the good work is to continue. This is as it ought to be, as some of our school houses have been in a deplorable condition.

Walnut Grove.

H. W. Spangler of Mifflinburg was through here again canvassing for a roaster, and finds a great many customers throughout the valley.

The Misses Sparrs are having many improvements made on their lately purchased farm, the house and barn has been remodeled, and every thing is done up in first class order.

Several of our young people were to the Zion church near Tusseyville to singing on Sunday evening, and by the remarks your correspondent overheard them make, the singing school is among the No. 1's.

Miss Sarah Reed who had been visiting at Pine Grove returned home last week.

Cora E. Durst was to Tusseyville to visit her friend Maggie Spangler.

Our school is in a flourishing condition, and the number of scholars is increasing.

Viola From and Mary Maize who had been taking instructions on drafting from Mr. Kelley are through, and we suppose they will set up a shop at once, however we will guarantee them patronage if they do.

Dan'l Colyer who had a leg broken some time ago, had the weight, shingles, etc., taken off last week, but after so doing it was found that the bone had only grown together around the edge; the consequence was it slipped back again and had to be reset. The young man had been bearing with the misfortune patiently, but to lie abed four or six weeks more is enough to discourage him.

Coburn.

A few of our Democrats stayed at home also a few Republicans, but they did all they could to get out their vote, but it seems that some of them are getting disgusted the way Der Bruddders are acting and begin to think its about time they turn the rascals out. Of course their new appointments here did all they could and they didn't forget to assess them an X, to help defray their expenses. Thats the way they get their boodle. The man with the longest pole gets the persimmons. The election passed off very quietly, and the Republicans lost a few votes and they calculated and tried to trade off anything for Fleming or Musser, but the Democrats wouldn't trade for a d—m. There was only 2 tickets that scratched Schaeffer; suppose they thought they were smart. It aint healthy to be too smart.

The boys were out for a deer hunt last week, and returned on Friday evening. Bear but no deer, and report deer very scarce. Didn't see a deer on their trip but say pheasants are very plenty.

Mr. Jacob Witmeyer is on the sick list for several days; also G. M. Bower has a serious attack of lung fever.

We have some very good Prohibitionists here to hear them talk but by the returns when it comes to voting its dog eat dog and they vote the whole republican ticket; but you can't expect more.

Either of the following engravings, "Evangeline," "Bayard," "Monarch of the Glen" or "The First Step," without advertising on them, size 20 x 24 inches, given with one 50 cent or two 25 cent bottles of Ideal Tooth Powder. These are not cheap lithographs, but works of art. A. D. Bowman, Dentist, Nicholia, Idaho, says, I am using your Ideal Tooth Powder, and find it superior to all others.

The engraving "Evangeline" arrived safely on the 24th of December, making it seem like a Christmas gift. Trusting that Ideal Tooth Powder may flourish, I remain, yours respectfully, Elois Earnest, Denver, Col. One of these engravings without advertising on it worth $1 retail is given with each two 25 cent bottles of Ideal Tooth Powder.

I find Ideal Tooth Powder is without exception the best I have ever used. With its aid I keep my teeth very clean and white, which I was unable to do with any other powder I have ever tried before. So says Ferdinand E. Chartard, Baltimore, Md.

By the way, will you buy and use Ideal Tooth Powder? We can thoroughly recommend it. R. E. Nichols, Dentist, Salina, Kansas, says, Ideal Tooth Powder is in my estimation, just what its name indicates. An engraving 20 x 24 is given with each two bottles. Price 25 cents per bottle.

The REPORTER in its issue of October 17th, said the majority for our ticket in this county would be near 800. We made a canvass of the county and frequently told leading Democrats the true situation. We seldom miss in our estimates of the county.

Reporter, Oct. 24.

Centre county will go Democratic this fall simply because the people want things to go right. It is not in the interest of any clique or faction, but to rebuke clique and faction that the verdict will be thus. Neither will clique or faction be able to gain foothold hereafter in the county, be they who they may.

MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY WOLF & SON.

Butter	22	Eggs	22
Onions	50	Lard	8
Hams	14	Shoulders	9
Sides	9	Tallow	4

NOTICE OF DISSOLUTION.—THE FIRM of J. C Weaver, Hannah Dorworth and E. S. Dorworth, of Bellefonte, trading under the firm name of Weaver & Co., was mutually dissolved, October 31 1889. All accounts of the firm will be left in the hands of E. S Dorworth for settlement. The business will be continued by E. S. Dorworth.

J. C. WEAVER,
HANNAH DORWORTH,
E. S. DORWORTH.

Nov21

Wm. Wolf & Son

Again ask you attention.

Their stock is so well worthy of your inspection that they mean to interest you if you will but meet them half way. Advertising will do no good if you do not call at the store and see for yourselves whether there are bargains for you or not.

Dress Goods.

You will find in great variety both as to style and price. This department they make a special one in their business, In Dry Goods of all kinds their stock is complete.

Boots and Shoes.

Are another special department. They buy from none but reliable manufactorers and jobbers and therefore feel safe in guaranteeing the goods. The Philadelphia and Towanda Boot are unexcelled and are too well known to need words. The stock of ladies and childrens shoes is up to the standard. Of the latter a new lot from a Phila. manufactury that cater only to fine trade, but by paying them a little higher prices they are enabled to show you a finer line than you usually find in this vicinity.

Rubber Boots and Shoes for men, women and children in a score of varieties of strictly first class makes, no seconds offered you at any price; remember this, their word for it, will convince you if you desire,

Horse and Buggy Blankets.

Of the former when they tell you that the 5|A blanket is their specialty in several grades, they need say no more.

Of the latter they have enough to give you a choice.

Of Groceries, Hardware, Queensware etc., etc., you need no reminder, and whatever article you may need that they do not carry in stock if you will but make your desires known they will order it for you on selection, you being under no obligation to take it if not to your taste. They would especially state this in reference to ladies Plush and Cloth Coats and wraps. Give them an idea of what you want and in 48 hours you will have a number here from which to select.

——Lewins can sell you a late style suit or take your measure and make it to order on short notice, and at a saving to you of from $3 to $8. Try him on this.

ONE CENT

Will buy a postal card, on which send your address and get a sample copy of the

WEEKLY

Chronicle Telegraph,

Pittsburgh, Pa. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett edits the Youth's Department.

Serial Stories by the best writers, complete Market Reports, interesting news and reading matter for every member of the family, both old and young. Only one dollar a year, or five copies for four dollars.

The REPORTER has made arrangements with the publishers of the Weekly Chronicle Telegraph by which we will send the two papers to any address, postage prepaid, one year, for the sum of $2.00 in advance. Address,

REPORTER,
Centre Hall, Pa.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.—THE UNDERSIGNED Executor of the estate of Catherine Gentzel, dec'd., late of Gregg township, will offer at public sale on

o—— SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1889, ——o

on the premises, at 1 o'clock, a

)—— HOUSE AND LOT ——(

situate in Gregg township, adjoining lands of Green Decker, D. C. and W. T. Lingle and others, containing

—— 2 ACRES AND 136 PERCHES. ——

All necessary outbuildings, good water and a number of fruit trees on the lot. Terms will be made known on day of sale.

DANIEL RIPKA,
Executor.

AGENTS WANTED | TO SELL AN | ENTIRELY NEW BOOK

The most wonderful collection of practical real value and every day use for the people ever published on the globe. A marvel of money saving and money earning for every one owning it. Thousands of beautiful, helpful engravings, showing just how to do everything. No competition; nothing like it in the universe. When you select that which is of true value, sales are sure. All sincerely desiring paying employment and looking for something thoroughly first class at an extraordinary low price, should write for description and terms on the most remarkable achievement in book making since the world began.

SCAMMEL & CO., Box 5003.
2July6m. St. Louis or Philadelphia.

WANTED SALESMEN to sell Nursery Stock All Goods Warranted FIRST-CLASS. Permanent, pleasant, profitable positions for the right men. Good salaries and expenses paid weekly. Liberal inducements to beginners. No previous experience necessary. Outfit free. Write for terms, giving age. Mention this paper. CHARLES H. CHASE, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y. oct23m

DRUNKENNESS—LIQUOR HABIT—In all the World there is but One Cure, Dr, Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee, without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and today think they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effect results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race St., Cincinnati, O. oct3ly

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—LETTERS TESTAmentary on the estate of Catherine Gentzel, dec'd., late of Gregg township, having been granted to the undersigned, he requests all persons knowing themselves indebted to the estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

DANIEL RIPKA,
31oct Executor, Penn Hall.

——Any on desiring a Brown wagon, for two horses, made in Cleveland, a standard, and the best in the U. S, warranted, magnificent finish, inquire at the mill; price $70, the highest class. Same wagon with tubular axle, $73.

The only place in town you can buy the

SNAG PROOF RUBBER BOOT,

o—— IS AT ——o

BARTHOLOMEW'S

At the Station. Also a full line of genuine

o-- WOLF ROBES. --o

Bargains! :-: New Goods!

We are now prepared to have the public call at our store and inspect our new line of goods. They were selected with the greatest care and embrace an endless variety of new designs and patterns worn during the Fall and Winter seasons.

Our line of Fancy Plads, Tricots, Fall Prints, and All-Wool Suiting, are fine, and will please our every customers, and are selling rapidly. Woolen Blankets, Haps, Quilts, and many other goods.

SPECIAL BARGAINS !----O----SPECIAL BARGAINS

Come and see the special bargains we are offering in Cashmeres; prices lower than ever. Our stock of Ready-Made Clothing, Overcoats, Gossamers, Gum Coats, is complete and will speak for themselves. Comeand see the new goods at

Harper & Kreamer's.